Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE. MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

Editorial Jottings and Sketches---No. 7.

A locality of plumbago was discovered a year or two ago on the top of mount "Puzzle," in the adjoining town of "Newry." Our party devoted a day to the examination of said "Puzzle." After a ten miles ride, and a hard push up an almost perpendicular ascent, for we missed the best way and took the worst way up, we found that, like the Frenchman's woodchuck which he dug all day for, "when we got to it, it was not there." It had been there however, and abundant evidence was left around its bed of enterprise and energy of pursuit that, if expended under different auspices would have been, we doubt not more liberally rewarded than it could possibly be here. The deposit of plumbago, which was of excellent quality, had been all exhausted, and a great amount of labor had also been laid out in blasting into the solid mountain in search of more, where we could see not the least indication to give a hope that any existed. The proprietor of the works however, probably influenced by the old adage that one man could see into a millstone as far as another, had blasted the works with a courage and zeal worthy so *high* a cause.

Notwithstanding the exhaustion of this locality of plumbago destroys the chance of collecting specimens of it, the geological features and characteristics of this mountain are to one interested in the study of Geology and its scientific demonstrations, well worth the labor required to ascend it. We would however advise all who wish to do it, to go up on the east side from Ellis' river which you may do on horse-back if you please, and not on the south side, as we did. We had begun to make observations and sketches of the peculiar changes in structure and metamorphism of the rocks, which are portrayed here on a grand scale, when the weather, which had been warm and somewhat sultry, also took on a little metamorphism, thrust into our faces mist and clouds, and finally, by generous dashes of successive showers threw a *wet blanket* over our plans and operations, and we beat a retreat while there was daylight to allow us to do it. Not wishing to be baffled by the storm king in so laudable an object, we have commissioned Dr. True, who is familiar with the topography and geologic vagaries of the place, to search out, and trace out, and sketch out, all the interesting points in question, in shape and form for the report hereafter to be made.

At the foot of Puzzle mountain, on the westerly side, is a very pretty lake, or "*pond*," as they call it. The Yankees call every sheet of water less than a sea, a "*pond*." It is known as Howard's pond, and is getting to be quite a noted place for trout-fishing. We said it is at the *foot* of the mountain, but in this case the *foot*, and of course the pond, is pretty well up in the world, say two or three hundred feet above the waters of the Androscoggin. There is nothing very curious in this, but the stream that flows from this pond, is to us, worthy of note as a veritable mountain cascade. At first it flows easily along as gentle and quiet as any other woodland stream should, but presently it comes to the slope of land which lies between the *foot* of the mountain and the Androscoggin, when it begins to tumble over rock and ledge, and for a mile and a half it is one continued miniature cataract, leaping and laughing, and rattling along, now on this side of the road, now on that, now dancing around this point of rocks in a whirling eddy, then dashing over a big boulder in its way into a little pool below, and there taking breath and gathering strength for another spring forward over its craggy path, and so it goes, in noisy but merry mood, until, at the bottom of the slope, some thrifty Yankee has caught and penned it in flume and penstock, in order to turn the wheels of his mill near the pretty little village of Hanover. We thought if the Hanoverians were desirous of beating Boston or New York in their display of fountains by action of their Cochituate or Croton water, all they would have to do would be to lay a strong pipe from Howard's pond, down to their own level, and they could thus have one of the tallest and most splendid "*jets d'eau*," or *water-spouts* in the world. But as they are blessed with an unlimited supply of purest water from river and mountain, they are content to let nature take her course in the matter, without guidance or hindrance from them. We would here observe that nature in her liberality of aquatic favors to the good people of this part of the Androscoggin valley, in the way of pure water, has also varied the programme by a pretty smart sprinkling of mineral springs which have been found in various locations around Bethel. Their several qualities, with other matters must form the subject of our next "missive" from the mountains.

The Wheat Louse.

Mr. Samuel Guild, of this city, informs us of the appearance of a new enemy to the growers of wheat in his fields, in the shape of the black aphis or plant louse. He says that the heads of the wheat are in some cases completely black with them. We noticed also several of these aphides upon the heads of some remarkably fine stalks of Black Sea Wheat, brought into our office on Tuesday, by J. W. Patterson, Esq. The Boston *Journal* mentions their appearance in great numbers in the wheat fields of Berkshire, Franklin and Worcester counties, Massachusetts. It says:

"The insect has not been described in any entomological work, and Uhler of Baltimore, who has made the order of which it is a member a specialty of study, states that it is a stranger. The probability is that it has been introduced among some foreign seeds distributed by the Patent Office.

This insect injures the heads of the wheat by sucking the juices which go to the support of the kernel, which it does not altogether destroy, but which causes it to shrivel and become lighter than it otherwise would be. It will therefore be seen that the apprehensions of some farmers that their crops will be fatally injured by it, are not well founded; there will be only a depreciation in the quality and value of the wheat, and not a total loss.

This new parasite has its enemies, it appears; for the "lady bug"—a round red beetle with black spots, feeds upon the wheat lice, and destroys many of them, thus making itself useful."

Agricultural Surveys.

In Prof. Chadbourne's recently issued volume of "Lectures on Natural History," there is one, which we have read with much interest, on the relations of Natural History to Wealth. After stating several propositions to support the argument that "the most obvious benefit of Natural History is the development of new resources of wealth," the author goes on to show the advantages of thorough scientific surveys of countries and States, as a means of developing the sources of wealth and power. The whole history of coal is an argument in favor of the study of Natural History, for in searching for it, millions of dollars have been thrown away in boring rocks in which a pound of it could never be found; yet had scientific men made careful explorations of such localities, enough would have been saved to have covered the expense of a full and complete survey of the resources of our entire country.

In his remarks upon these surveys, Professor Chadbourne says:

"Our States have also understood the value of these investigations. Large sums have been appropriated by many of them, and in none, so far as I know, has the money failed to yield a full return in kind, besides an immense benefit to the general cause of science. In some, the return in a single year has been a hundred-fold. Such explorations do not produce their best results at all times in the discovery of minerals. It is to this that attention is most directed, and success in this is generally the criterion by which they are judged. Other objects receive attention. They point out general characteristics of soil as derived from certain classes of rocks, discover fertilizers, and thus give important aid to agriculture. They point out proper building material by the discovery of quarries, and clays, cements, and paints. Such examinations in many cases give important hints in engineering, the draining of lands, the sinking of artesian wells, and consequently bear upon the healthfulness and habitableness of large tracts of land."

Leaving the above suggestions of our author for the present, we resume our subject, which was to present some considerations in regard to agricultural surveys of counties, as a means of an improvement in our system of husbandry.

All who are in any way familiar with the present state of agriculture in Great Britain, must be aware that the great impetus given to improved husbandry there, is traced to the county agricultural surveys, commenced by that eminent agriculturist, Arthur Young. In them are to be found an accurate and full description of the agricultural capabilities of each county, minute statements of its condition at the time the survey was made, and hints for improvement. Agricultural surveys that have thus far been made in our own country partake of this same general outline, with more or less variations, according to different localities and operations. We have before us at this writing, several surveys of counties in New York, one in Massachusetts, and two in our own State. They are all valuable reports, and present many ideas and suggestions concerning the agricultural condition and prospects of the localities surveyed, that render them important additions to our agricultural literature.

The Scientific Survey of our State, which we have long looked to as one of the surest ways of developing our rich mineral and agricultural resources, and adding to our prosperity and wealth, has been commenced under such direction and with such spirit, as that we may look for an immense benefit therefrom. But this Natural History survey of the State will not at all interfere with more brief agricultural surveys of separate counties. No State in the Union has had a more perfect and complete survey than New York, as the fifteen or eighteen large royal quarto volumes fully proves; yet we are having from time to time in the transactions of the Agricultural Society of that State, reports upon the agriculture of distinct counties, which are of the greatest importance to the farming and industrial interests of the State.

The situation of the several counties in our own State are widely different. Some are upon the coast, others in the interior, and others yet, in the extreme northern portion of our territory. These various situations embrace different aspects of geographical outline and geological character; and there is also a marked difference in the methods of farming practiced and the productions most generally grown. In some localities, grazing is the principal farm pursuit; in others orcharding receives more attention. In some counties, farms have been long settled, and if their fertility has not been kept up by judicious management, they are beginning to show the effects of close cropping; while others are comparatively new, the soil strong and fertile, and the farms and agricultural resources undeveloped. Our Natural History survey, if completed, will of course, not go fully into the details of farm management in the several towns composing a county, although the general outlines will be given. There are also other topics of interest in an agricultural point of view, such as farm stock and productions, which would not come under the plan proposed by the scientific survey, but which it is important to have brought out and presented to the farmers at large. These can be given in agricultural surveys, such as other States are having completed with the most satisfactory results.

The proper place for these reports upon the agricultural condition and prospects of our counties, is in the annual volume of the Secrerary of our Board of Agriculture. If published here, they will reach most of the farmers of our State, and be a means of decided improvement in the various pursuits of husbandry. Let some measures be taken by our agricultural societies, by which we may have these reports, showing the condition, capabilities, and prospects of farm pursuits, in their several localities.

Weather Proof Nails.

A writer in the Ohio *Field Notes*, who remarks about the difficulty of having roof-boards and weather-boards hold good in their place for any great length of time, gives a simple method, and one which, he says, will not fail, of preparing the nails so that they will hold in any place:

"Take ten-penny, malleable nails and place the head in a vise; take a pair of pincers and grip the nail near the point, twist it half way round, minding to make the twist somewhat elongated. In driving, the nail becomes a screw and neither sun nor hammer can withdraw it."

☞ The Maine Scientific Survey is now on its way up the east branch of the Penobscot, thence to proceed through Aroostook county. The expedition is provided with boats and a competent corps of woodsmen.

The Army Worm in Maine.

We last week, on the authority of a correspondent in North Berwick, announced the appearance of the army worm in York county. Since then we have received intelligence of the commencement of its ravages in other sections of the State. A gentleman informs us that the worm was discovered at work last week in the fields of Ebenezer Cobb, Esq., of Union, and was doing much damage to the crops.

The Bangor *Whig* mentions its simultaneous appearance on Sunday and Monday, 5th and 6th inst., in various parts of the city. They were first observed in a field of barley on State street, belonging to J. Wingate Carr. Two acres of oats belonging to Mr. Wall, near the railroad, in good condition on Monday, were found stripped on Tuesday morning—nothing but the bare stalks left, with a few of the heads. Mr. Sawyer of Ellsworth reports that these destructive worms had appeared in that and the adjoining town of Waltham, and are committing great ravages in the grain and corn fields. As yet we hear nothing of its appearance in our immediate vicinity, but have no idea that any portion of the State is to be exempted from a visitation of similar character.

There may be some doubt, however, whether this worm is the army worm proper, which has overrun the South and West during the present season, although perhaps equally destructive in its ravages. The *Whig* describes it as of catterpillar form, nearly black in color, from three-fourths of an inch to an inch and a quarter in length; and a gentleman who saw the worm in Union, says it is nearly black, and very nearly resembling the common apple tree catterpillar. It will be seen from the following authoritative description of the army worm, that there is a wide difference between the two:

"The army worm is about one inch and a quarter in length when full grown. It has sixteen legs, is round, cigar-shaped, striped longitudinally, as follows: a broad dark gray stripe extends and covers the entire length of the back, the center of the stripe being almost black, gradually becoming lighter on either edge, and terminating in a well defined narrow black stripe with a white edge below; then a reddish gray stripe, which terminates just above the legs. The belly below this stripe is a greenish, sometimes yellowish gray. The head is a light tawny color—sometimes a yellowish green shade is seen. The head is marked with two dark lines, which nearly or quite unite in the center of the head, and diverge from each other like the letter X, both towards the mouth and behind. There are but few hairs over the body. Their color varies according to the condition of their growth and the character of their food."

The probability is that the worm which now makes its appearance in Maine is identical with what is called the Black worm, of similar habits to the army worm, which at different periods has overrun the Northern States. Their latest recorded appearance was in 1818, when their ravages were fearfully destructive.

Saving Seed Corn.

It is of the greatest importance to have good seed. More depends upon this than upon a proper preparation of the ground and good culture, although these are considerations of no small weight; yet if a farmer plants poor seed he can hope for but a small crop, even if the other requisites are attended to. One of our neighbors was obliged to replant his field of four acres of corn, the past spring, on account of the first seed being poor. Wishing to change his seed, he obtained some from a friend who traced up his seed corn, and hung it in the chamber above where his corn was placed to dry. This injured the vitality of the seed, and it germinated but poorly.

We have often urged the practice of saving the most forward ears for seed, and of gathering it in the field from stalks producing two or more ears each. We publish below a letter originally published in the *N. E. Farmer* twenty years ago, and also recently issued in many of our agricultural journals, which goes far to settle this point with regard to the selection of seed corn. It was written by Mr. Baden, then residing, as appears by the date, near Nottingham, Prince George's Co., Md., and was addressed to Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth, at that time Commissioner of Patents:

"Sir:—I received yours of the 14th, making inquiry respecting the 'Maryland Corn,' which you understood I had raised. I have the pleasure to say that I have brought this corn to its high state of perfection by carefully selecting the best seed in the field for a long course of years, having a special reference to those stalks which produced the most ears. When the corn was husked I then made a re-selection, taking only that which appeared sound and fully ripe, having regard to the deepest and best color, as well as to the size of the cob. In the spring, before shelling the corn, I examined it again, and selected that which was best in all respects. In shelling the corn, I omitted to take the irregular kernels at both the large and small ends. I have carefully followed this mode of selecting seed corn for twenty-two or twenty-three years, and still continue so to do. When I first commenced, it was with a common kind of corn, for there was none other in this part of the country. At first I was troubled to find stalks with even *two good ears* on them, perhaps one good ear and one small one, or one good ear and 'a nubbin.' It was several years before I could discover much benefit resulting from my efforts; however, at length the quality and quantity began to improve, and the improvement was then very rapid. At present I do not pretend to lay up any seed without it comes from stalks which bear *four, five or six ears*. I have seen stalks bearing eight ears. One of my neighbors informed me that he had a single stalk with *ten* perfect ears on it, and that he intended to send it to the Museum at Baltimore. In addition to the number of ears, and of course the great increase in quantity unshelled, it may be mentioned that it yields much more than common corn when shelled. Some gentlemen, in whom I have full confidence, informed me they shelled a barrel (10 bushels of ears) of my kind of corn, which shelled corn measured a little more than six bushels. The common kind of corn will measure about five bushels only. I believe I raise double or nearly so to what I could with any other corn I have ever seen. I generally plant my corn about the first of May, and place the hills five feet apart each way, and have two stalks in a hill."

How to Raise Pork.

The *New England Farmer* says: "We do not *work our hogs*, either in harness or on the manure heaps. When they have taken their meals and what exercise they please, they retire to a dry, roomy bed, lie down and grow, and make a business of it. An Irishman can overhaul the manure heap much cheaper than the hogs can. We slaughtered swine last fall, made from pigs that weighed less than 36 pounds each, *eleven* months before, and the hogs weighed, when handsomely dressed, from 450 to 475 pounds each!"

American Bee Journal.

We wish to direct the attention of our readers interested in bee-keeping, to the above valuable work, the publication of which was commenced at Philadelphia, in January last. It is issued monthly, in quarto form, of twenty-four pages each, embellished with illustrations. The articles are practical and useful, and for a journal devoted to a specialty, evince considerable variety and spirit. The editor is known to be one of the most eminent and successful bee-keepers and writers in the country, and the *Journal* gives proof of his ability to make it every way worthy of the support of those whom it is especially devoted to benefit.

The publishers also issue a practical and reliable agricultural and horticultural monthly, *The Farmer and Gardener*, in the same form, with thirty-two pages in each number. Either publication can be had for $1,00 per year, or both for $1,50. The "Year Book of the Farm and Garden," and "Both Sides of the Grape Question," previously noticed by us, are useful little manuals, and sent as a premium with the journals at the above terms. Address A. M. Spangler & Co., 25 No. Sixth St., Philadelphia.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer

The Gold Diggings of Nova Scotia.

Mr. Editor:—It is a long time since your Nova Scotia correspondent laid down his pen and ceased to sketch incidents and facts, agricultural, historical and geographical for the columns of the *Farmer*, which has regularly come to me every week, and as often admonished me of my obligations to fill up a corner from this far-ff field of its labors. This morning the "spirit moveth me to write," and another voice whispers "quench not the spirit," and so here I am at my table with pen in hand to "heed the exhortation," and you may expect an occasional letter from this land of gold and grindstones, freestone and fat sheep, plaster and potatoes, &c., &c. Well, what about the gold? What? why, much every way. Gold is abundant in Nova Scotia, and so are the diggers. But there does not seem, as yet, to be any irresistible affinity between them. I do not wish to draw off any of the industrious farmers of Maine from their broad acres, by any facts I may communicate in reference to the existence of gold in this country—for I consider it unwise for any man with good land before him to cultivate, to leave it and seek his fortune in the lottery of gold digging.

That there is an abundance of the precious metal in this Province, I have no doubt. At Tangier, (about 40 miles from Halifax,) there are now about twelve hundred men at work in and about the mines. That large quantities of gold have been taken out, I do know, for I have seen it with my eyes and handled it with my hands, and have every reason to believe that some few of the diggers have secured their piles. As yet, there is no machinery for grinding up the quartz and gathering the minute particles which seem to exist all through the quartz.

The only method of operation now is, to break the quartz with a hammer and pick out the nuggets, which are of all sizes, from the point of a dull pin to "piece of chalk," from a penny's worth to four pounds, $16. When the crushing machines shall be put in operation, and the mines worked scientifically, I have no doubt as great results will be arrived at as in California or Australia.

In Lunenburg and Lawrencetown, and in Nictaux, gold has been found in small quantities. In Lunenburg the land has been marked off into claims, and a considerable portion of it has been taken up at the price of $20 a lot of eighteen feet square. Companies have been formed in Halifax and other places, and the mining is to be carried on with system and energy. What the results are to be, we can not tell. Cool and cautious men have engaged in the enterprise and seem to have confidence that they will succeed. The gold is of the richest quality and increases in quantity as they go down from the surface. At Tangier, quite a little village, has sprung up—stores, hotels, shops, boarding houses, and of course, liquor shops, are arranged in beautiful confusion along the pits, and one steamer and three packets make regular trips from Halifax to the diggings, each twice a week, and a smart business is carried on between the two places.

The war in the States has paralyzed all kinds of business in this city, and hundreds of men are thrown out of employment. The discovery of gold so near home has been a God-send to them. They can find something to do at the diggings, either as mechanics or diggers. Provisions are cheap, and so long as they can earn a few shillings per day, they are quite as well off as their neighbors who find the capital to work the mines with.

The crops, all over the Province, are abundant, and the hay crop well secured. Fruit only is lacking—apples, plumbs and pears are a failure this year. Butter, beef, mutton, and in fact, all kinds of produce can be bought at a very low figure this year.

I shall write you again in a few days.

Yours, &c., N. G.

For the Maine Farmer.

Extracts from my Note Book...No. 3.

The Apple Tree Caterpillar. July 20.—Obtained several specimens of the perfect insect or moth of the apple tree caterpillar (*Clisiocampa Americana.*) Preserved two of the specimens for my cabinet and "let the others escape!" Oh, no, indeed, but destroyed them, thereby undoubtedly saving at least one tree from being troubled by the *tented larvæ* during the next year. These moths were of a light brown color, wing expanding an inch and a half and the fore wings crossed obliquely by two lighter bands. They deposit their eggs at this period of the year, in belts on the extremities of the trees, where they remain till the warm weather of the next spring hatches them, and the larva or caterpillar comes forth to continue the destruction begun by its progenitors.

Lunar Influence. A *Farmer* correspondent speaks of sowing grain on the new of the moon to obtain a good crop, &c. I have heard a person who predicted weather by the same body when in its last phases. "If the horns of the moon turned up, it would be fair weather—if they turned down, the water would run out and we should have a rainstorm." All such things *may* be true—but. There are undoubtedly many things in *heaven* and earth, "never dreamed of in our philosophy."

The Gooseberry Worm. Gooseberries here are very much damaged by a worm that eats into and destroys the green fruit.

July 25. On stirring the gooseberry bushes, numbers of moths rise and fly a short distance, secreting themselves in the grass and shoots. They are of a buff yellow color, measuring an inch and a quarter over the wings, which are clouded with dark spots. The only difference between the sexes is seen in the antennæ, in one being filated, in the other nearly smooth. In fact they exactly correspond with the description of the currant worm, given in Art. 19, Entomology by P. But what puzzles me is that the leaves, which the currant worm destroys, are almost wholly untouched, and the great quantities of these millers which I have noticed for the past two years. How is it Professor?

The Hay Crop. Our hay crop this year is very heavy and such seems to be the result throughout the northern States. Now the question is what shall we do with it. Some one says use it on the farm—convert it into muscle and manure. A ton of good hay is undoubtedly of as much value for stock this year as it was last, but are we able or in a position so to do? Hay has been one of our chief products for export and exchange with our southern and we tern friends. The hay exported from this place went almost exclusively to southern markets. Those markets are closed. Massachusetts and the middle States have enough and to spare, and our buyers decline to contract. "Then we will use it at home!" Have we stock enough to consume it? We all remember what an immense amount of stock went out of the State, and into the barrel last fall. Several hundred horses have also been sent out this summer. They will not be missed so much, although they were our best horses. If a poorer class of them had been taken, it would have been a blessing to the State. These and the butchers have, I fear, left us with less stock than we need. Who will enlighten us on the hay question, and "what will he do with it?"

Weather, Crops, &c. The monthly mean or average temperature for July was 68.6 degrees. Extremes 85° and 56°. There has been a good deal of wet, foggy, rainy weather during the month and as a consequence, rather poor haying weather. But very few will finish haying in July. Crops are looking pretty well and doing a good growing business. The last half of the month was much cooler than the first and not exactly such weather as corn delights in. Corn all spindled and potatoes in blossom 30th. A fair prospect of a good harvest. Geo. E. B.

Belfast, Me., July 31, 1861.

For the Maine Farmer.

Slobbers in Horses.

An old farmer, whom the writer once knew, was of opinion that the slobbers in horses was caused by their eating the cob-webs which one sees so abundantly in the morning upon the grass at this season of the year, and which they could not avoid eating. It was his practice to stable his horses at night, during the month of August, giving them hay enough to make up for what grass they would eat during the early morning, and they were never troubled with the slobbers.

B.

Agricultural Miscellany.

How Cows are kept in London.

"One of the last places in all the world, perhaps, where one would expect to find a herd of three or four hundred cows, would be the City of London, especially in that fashionable part of it known as the 'West End.' And yet, if one considers a moment, it is manifest that 'milk for the million' must some how or other be provided, and the *how* becomes interesting. 'Milk for babes is scriptural, and we were much struck with the good security—so characteristic of English thoroughness—furnished to the babies in the vicinity of St. James's Park, for the purity of the beverage furnished to them. Large, healthy, sleek-looking cows were standing in the shade of the trees by the wayside, held by a rope, and ever and anon, some nurse, or mother, or fond father, would pause with the baby-wagon, while the attendant would milk a glass of the unadulterated article, and the young suckling would imbibe it fresh and warm from the cow.

Hyde Park, too, which we are wont to fancy to be a closely-shaven, velvety lawn, sacred from the cloven hoof of vulgar beasts, is only a great cow pasture. To be sure there is a wide border, filled with beautiful trees and shrubs, secured by an iron fence, from a drive way which runs round the whole extent; and this driveway is separated from the main tract by a wooden fence, which, when we last saw it, in 1857, was of posts and rails, and old and decaying. Within this fence is the open part of the Park, with only here and there a large tree, and here feed large numbers of cows, running at large, as in a common pasture. A boy informed us that his father had ten cows kept there, and paid $1 per week each for the feed, and that he sold the milk at gentlemen's houses at 4d. (about 8c. a quart.) There were, perhaps, a hundred or more cows then on the grounds, and the surface presented the appearance of a cow pasture not fully stocked, the grass not being fed close or even, but being in spots rank and seedy.

Kensington Gardens, which adjoin Hyde Park and with it comprise nearly a thousand acres, should always in justice be named in the same connection. In Kensington Gardens, we see the very poetry of Park scenery. The whole impression is of a beautiful shaven, dark green lawn, of vast extent, shaded heavily with magnificent oaks and elms and horse-chestnuts, with quiet walks winding through them into deeper and yet deeper shadows.

Flocks of sheep are lying in the shade at noon, and in the cool of the day employ themselves in cutting closely and cleverly, as no quadruped but the sheep can do, the thick verdure of the turf.

Leaving the Parks, however, with only a brief glance, let us take a matter-of-fact business-like look at a London dairy at the West End. Our visits were in the month of June. The stables are of brick, with walls seven feet high, and a roof of about a third pitch, as the carpenters say, covered with tiles of baked clay, laid rather loosely, and some of them removable at pleasure, for ventilation in hot weather. The width of each stable is about 24 feet, with brick floors sloping toward the center. About 50 cows are kept in each stable, in stalls of seven feet width, two cows in a stall, standing with their heads to the wall, so that you pass from end to end of the stable between the two rows of cows, which, as the Irishman said, stand with their backs facing you. They are loosely tied with chains, and presented every appearance of health and comfort.

The cows were nearly all apparently of grade Shorthorns, of large size, and fit for the shambles. They are bought in the markets, when first in milk, at an average price of about $100 each, and are kept about one year and then sold to the butcher. As their weight mainly determines their final value, it is an object for the purchaser to regard the size as well as milking qualities in his selections so that he cannot afford to indulge his fancy with Jerseys and Ayshires, as may profitably be done on a dairy farm.

The feed of the cows was liberal in the extreme; once a day on dry hay and on green fodder of rye-grass or vetches; once on mangel wurtzels, three pecks to a cow, and twice on brewers' grains, three pecks at each feed.

The grains, as they are called, consist of the barley which remains after porter and ale are brewed from it. The mangels appeared quite fresh and sound. The rye-grass had all been cut over once before June, and the vetches were just coming in. The cows were fed in their stalls, and were watered by running water through their feeding troughs, after sweeping them out. One man takes care of fifty cows, but he does not milk them. The milk is sold to dealers, who send women to milk it, and they begin to milk for the evening about noon! each woman milking eight or nine cows. The milk is better than country milk, as we were assured, because it is not shaken so much; but, as our informant remarked, with an expressive tone, 'We don't know what the dealers do to it before they sell it.'

The cows can give an average of about nine and a half quarts, beer measure, each, taking the whole number in the stables, buying and selling constantly to keep them up to the highest point. The milk is sold to the dealers at about five and a half cents per quart by the quantity, the buyer taking it from the cows.

The proprietors have a farm a few miles out of the city, from which they bring a portion of their green fodder. From their whole stock, they annually select about one hundred of their best cows, and turn them away for the summer with a bull, and bring them back again when in milk, selling the calves at three or four days old.

All the rest remain in the stable from the day they are purchased till the butcher takes them away. A dozen exceptions were, however, found in a hospital, under treatment for various ailments; but with the abundant and healthful and various feed, and good ventilation, the percentage of the ill is very small. Mangels are freely fed during the whole winter, and though brewers' grain is considered, in this country, a stimulating diet, the large mixture of green and dry hay seem there to prevent any ill effect of the large quantity of grain, amounting, as we have seen, to a bushel and a half per day to each animal. We never any where chanced to see an equal number of cows in so good apparent condition as in these stables.

The stables themselves are models of neatness and economy and convenience as mere cow-stables. All the feed of the animals was, however, kept in other convenient buildings, there being no lofts or scaffolds even for hay in the stables. At the time of our visits, large heaps of mangels were lying out of doors near the stables, and loads of green fodder were standing near. The grain was stored in vats partially under ground, and it was said would keep good for a long time."—*American Stock Journal.*

The Army Worm in Massachusetts.

The Fall River *News* has the following interesting statement in regard to the depredations of the army worm in that vicinity. It will be noticed that the plan of stopping their advance by means of a trench has been successfully tried:

These pests of agricultural operations have not yet intermitted the destructive work in this vicinity, and their ravages are really calamitous. We visited to-day the splendid grounds around the borders of Dr. Durfee's farm, where we encountered them at almost every step. Four acres of the most promising oats were so overrun by the insects that the Doctor caused the field to be mowed. On examining the dry straw, the spindles, grain and leaves were consumed from the stalk. The art of threshing, however perfect the process, could not approach the work of these noiseless insects in thoroughness.

By bringing all his labor force to bear upon them, and through dint of almost sleepless vigilance, he has succeeded in keeping them from his cornfields. In a lane which separates the oat and cornfields, two trenches were ploughed and filled with shavings and other light fuel. A fire was kept burning during the day, in the trenches; the insects started in battalions for the cornfield, going through the crevices of the stone walls which bounds the field, but their course was arrested by the fire; they, however, plunged into the trenches, and some were burnt, but others were only foiled in their efforts to scale the ridge by the dry and loose earth which gave way while they attempted to crawl up, precipitating them back again.

The Doctor has made a number of experiments with them. Last Sunday he put twenty-two large ones in a glass jar, drawing over the entrance a piece of lawn which admitted air. To-day there were but nine left, the other thirteen having been devoured by the nine, with the exception of the heads, which were lying upon the bottom of the jar, and we saw them in the voracious act of munching one another, the smaller and weaker succumbing first. Another jar was partially filled with corn-stalks, and a number of the insects placed in it. The stalks were completely riddled.

The proper name of the insect is the grass catterpillar, (*locusta,*) and is often found in the cotton fields of the South, and when pressed by hunger has been known to destroy the leaf of that plant. They have never been known to any extent in the Northern States prior to the present season; of course the appearance is somewhat affected by the region where they abound. In the South they have a smaller and darker appearance than those in this region. We hear of their ravages in the South and West at the present time. In Illinois and Indiana they are particularly destructive to the cereal crops.

How long they will remain here is uncertain, as so little is known of their habits. When about to change they form cocoons, of silk under stones or in the ground near the surface, interwoven with particles of earth. In Georgia from the 24th to the 30th of October they come out perfect moths. This was in 1854. We trust they will not prolong their visit in New England to so advanced a period of the season.

The Newport (R. I.) *News* states that Mr. Chamberlain, a scientific gardener of that city, has discovered that the eggs of the army worm are deposited by a moth, near the root of the grass, and attached to the stems of the grass, and enclosed in a small sack about as large as a China bean, and composed of a substance closely resembling cotton in appearance. It is affixed around the stem of the grass in the shape of the swab used for cleaning guns. If our farmers will open their grass and examine the roots, they will find these little cotton sacks and the eggs in them. They will hatch out in about ten days, and as these sacks are perfectly water-tight, the only way to prevent their spreading is to pick these sacks off. Mr. C. says that when hatched he has discovered that guano is a sure remedy, and will kill them immediately when well sprinkled. Ditches with guano in them will prevent their spreading.

Hints on the Potato Disease.

From an elaborate article in a recent number of the *Journal of the West of England Society*, on potato culture, from the pen of Dr. Lang, in which many curious and important truths are discussed, the following may be regarded as conclusions deduced from his treatment of the whole subject.

1st. The desirability of *early planting* in dry, clean, and well prepared ground.

2. That white potatoes are less liable to the disease, and therefore to be preferred to the colored sorts.

3. That the soil in no case *produces* or *influences* the disease.

4. That the disease is of a fungoid character, infesting many varieties of plants, and increased in activity by atmospheric causes.

5. That all heterogeneous manures are injurious.

6. That lime and salt, mixed in the proportion of 8 tons of lime with 3 cwt. of common salt, is the best manure; and this is the proportion used to the acre.

7. That potatoes that ripen earliest should be exclusively grown.

8. That, as soon as the disease appears, earthing up the stalks repeatedly with fine earth from the centre of the trench is the only effectual preventive to its ravages. To this operation the author consequently attaches the greatest importance.

9. That when exhumed, *sunlight* appears to arrest the progress of the murrain, and prevents the further decomposition of the tuber.

Without committing ourselves to all the above statements and suggestions, some of which are, we think, doubtful or open to well founded objections, the attentive reader will find much useful material for thought, which if carefully considered cannot fail to impart valuable aid in coming to sound conclusions, as far as our confessedly limited and imperfect knowledge will as yet permit, on this very important and equally difficult subject.—*Canadian Agriculturist.*

How to purify Rancid Lard.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* furnishes the following recipe: "We had some 40 lbs. rancid lard, which was valueless as it was. Knowing that the antiseptic quality of the chloride of soda, I procured three ounces, which was poured into a pailful of soft water, and when hot the lard added. After boiling it thoroughly together for an hour or two, it was set aside to cool. The lard was taken off when nearly cold, and was subsequently boiled up. The color was restored to an alabaster white, and the lard was as sweet as a rose."

Product of a Vegetable Garden.

We have from the Secretary of the Hingham Agricultural Society, the report of the transactions of said Society, from Octbor, 1858. We copy from the report the statement of Dr. D. P. Wilson, (says the Hingham Journal,) showing the yield of his vegetable garden one season:

"The garden contained one-half acre of land on which thirty-six apple trees, also twenty-one of pear and other fruits. The apple trees are about five years old. All of the land was planted with common garden vegetables, and the following figures will enable you to form a fair estimate of the produce.

Forty-seven bushels Jackson white potatoes; 8½ bushels tomatoes; 9 bushels Swede turnips; 2½ bushels English flat turnips; 3 bushels horticultural pole beans, for table use; 2½ bushels China dwarf string beans; 6 bushels carrots; 4 bushels beets; 3½ bushels British Queen peas; 4 bushels parsnips; 3 bushels second crop turnips; 5 bushels small ears of Burr's sweet corn; 1340 ears of Burr's sweet corn, for table use; 387 heads flat Dutch cabbage; 78 head red Dutch cabbage; 14 heads cauliflower; 8 large pumpkins; 79 Hubbard squashes, 14 hills, 537 pounds; 178 summer squashes for table use; 319 cucumbers, white spined, for table use.

Many of the early garden luxuries were enjoyed by my family and friends, before any record was kept, which renders it impossible for me to furnish a full account of the whole produce of the garden. I sold more than enough to pay the expense of manure, ploughing, &c., which was twenty-three dollars.

My family was constantly supplied with good vegetables, some were given to those who had none, and my cellar is well stocked for the winter. The whole cultivation of the garden was done by my own hands, during the spare moments from my daily occupation, and occupied about two hours per day, from six to eight o'clock in the morning during the season for garden labor."—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Tea.

"The same plant produces all the varieties. The different times of gathering, and modes of preparation, cause all the difference between those kinds known by so many distinct names—both of green and black. The leaves only are picked, and not the flowers; they are all rolled with the fingers. Those dried rapidly in iron basins over a fire becomes *green tea*, while those thrown into very hot basins, then taken quickly out, exposed to the sun for a while, and afterward dried over a fire, become *black tea*. These pans, as some writers call them, but more correctly, bowls or basins, for they are nearly semi-globular in shape and about eighteen inches in diameter—are always of iron—never of copper. A mixture of prussian blue and gypsum is used in the preparation of some green teas; but the better qualities are generally perfectly pure.

The native building on the North Gate street, in which we lived during the first year of our residence at Shanghai, was rented, after we left it, to a tea-merchant. On visiting it afterward, I found he had turned our former kitchen into a *tea-coloring* room. There were around the sides of the apartment fourteen of these iron bowls, set in mortar on the top of as many brick furnaces, in which moderate fires were burning. Thirteen of the bowls were half filled with tea leaves, and a man stood at each, rapidly stirring them with his hand. The remaining bowl contained a quantity of this bluish-green coloring matter, which another was also stirring. To this one, the men from the others would come every few minutes, and taking from it a small quantity of the contents, would return and stir it, each into his bowl of the leaves, till they had acquired the requisite hue. The exceedingly minute quantity of prussian blue that any person could imbibe in drinking tea from leaves thus prepared, precludes, in my opinion, the possibility of injury resulting therefrom.

The significations of some of the names by which teas are known, are as follows—making due allowance for the changes and corruption they undergo, in form and sound, in being *Anglicized*. *Hyson* means before the rain, or flourishing spring—that is, early in the spring. Hence, it is often called Young Hyson. *Hyson skin* is composed of the refuse of the other kinds, the native term for which means tea-skins. Refuse of a still coarser description, containing many stems, is called tea-bones. *Bohea* is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected.—*Pekoe* or *Pecco*, means white hairs—the down on the tender leaves. *Pouchong*—folded plant.—*Souchong*—small plant. *Twankay* is the name of a stream in the province whence it is brought. *Congo* is from a term signifying labor, from the care required in its preparation."—*Taylor's Travels in China.*

Cranberries.

1. What soil is best adapted to the culture of the cranberry? and how should it be prepared?

2. Is a cranberry meadow likely to prove durable after the vines are regularly rooted?

3. Can cranberries be successfully transplanted?

4. Does the soil need enriching, as in the case of other vegetables?

The answers to these questions will, perhaps, meet the points of inquiry so often repeated in the course of a few weeks. To the first I reply: That low, wet land is the best. It must not, however, be too wet—the surface water, if any there be, should be removed by drains; and where the water has not been so deep as to prevent the formation of a tough sod, it will be necessary to pare off the sod to a sufficient depth to remove all grass roots. A sufficient number of drains should be cut to dispose of all redundant matter, and not more—for the ground should be moist. I think it well to close up the drains in the fall, and let the water spread over the meadow during the winter. It will do the plants no injury, but will be likely to prevent weeds and grass from taking root, and growing, which would soon prove too much for the plants in question. The sod if snugly piled, will soon furnish an excellent compost for fruit trees.

The ground thus divested of its sod and surface water, is prepared for the plant. The first thing in the labor of transplanting, is to open shallow, parallel trenches, 1½ or 2 feet apart; into these trenches I plant my vines—varying from one to eight feet in length. These I cover slightly every six or eight inches, when the labor of transplanting is done. The plant, now left to the secret operation of natural laws, will leave its ligaments into the yielding soil, and send its slender tendrils outward, until, in the course of two or three years, it covers the entire surface—and from the first year of its setting, it will reward the labor and time given to it in a greatly increasing ratio. April and May I consider the best time for setting plants—as those set in the fall are more liable to be raised out by the freezing of winter.—*Cor.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, August 15, 1861.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We hope, in these exciting times, when our patrons are so dependent upon the printer for prompt and reliable information of the progress of events, that they, on their part, will not be unmindful of his necessities. We could frankly inform them that we are greatly in need of money to meet the expenses of publication. A large amount is due us from subscribers, the individual indebtedness being in no case so large that it cannot easily be discharged by them, and we appeal to them for immediate help. Let every one who reads this notice, without delay remit to us the amount which he may be in arrears, or a portion of it, and with an acknowledgement of the money, receive the blessing of the printer for a timely and necessary aid extended to him.

☞Mr. Benj. Tukey will call upon our subscribers in York County during the ensuing few weeks.

Mr. Jas. Sturgis will call upon our subscribers in Piscataquis county during the present month.

War Tax for the Union.

While a large portion of our able-bodied population are serving their country by risking their lives and undergoing the privations and fatigue of active military service, the rest of our people are called upon to perform a no less indispensable and patriotic duty, that of contributing in proportion to their means towards defraying the expenses of the conflict made necessary by the desperate and unnatural rebellion against the authority of the Government. In order that the war may be carried on vigorously and successfully, and brought expeditiously to a termination, the sinews of war must be liberally supplied, and all who share in the blessings and benefits of government ought to do their part cheerfully and loyally towards sustaining and preserving it. Hence our people will see the necessity and propriety of the measures adopted at the recent extra session of Congress to provide a revenue to meet, in part, the extraordinary expenditures incurred.

These measures consist, 1st, of modifications of the tariff act of the last session by which many important articles of necessity and luxury heretofore exempt, are subject to taxation, and others to an increased duty; 2d, a levy of twenty millions of dollars upon real property of the country and upon the incomes of individuals and corporations.

The articles affected by the tariff modifications are numerous, the most important of which being tea and coffee, which, before free, are now taxed respectively 15 and 4 cents. Sugars are subject to increased duty of from 1¼ to 2 cents per pound, molasses 1¼ to 3 cent per gallon, distilled spirits 10 cents, brandy 10 cents, wines 10 cents.

The direct tax of twenty millions upon real property and incomes is apportioned among the states as follows:

Maine,	$420,826	Indiana,	$904,875
New Hampshire,	218,406	Illinois,	1,146,551
Vermont,	211,088	Missouri,	761,127
Massachusetts,	824,581	Kansas,	71,743
Rhode Island,	116,963	Arkansas,	261,886
Connecticut,	308,214	Michigan,	501,763
New York,	2,603,918	Florida,	77,522
New Jersey,	450,134	Texas,	355,106
Pennsylvania,	1,946,719	Iowa,	452,088
Delaware,	74,681	Wisconsin,	419,688
Maryland,	436,823	California,	254,558
Virginia,	937,350	Minnesota,	108,524
North Carolina,	576,194	Oregon,	34,140
South Carolina,	363,570	New Mexico,	62,648
Georgia,	584,367	Utah,	29,982
Alabama,	529,313	Washington,	7,755
Mississippi,	413,084	Nebraska,	19,321
Louisiana,	385,886	Nevada,	4,592
Ohio,	1,567,089	Colorado,	22,905
Kentucky,	713,695	Dakota,	3,241
Tennessee,	669,498	Dist. Columbia,	49,437

Provision is made by which the several States may assume the assessment and collection of the tax, and for the performance of this service each State is allowed 15 per cent. The tax apportioned to Maine is $420,826, and she will be allowed $63,123 for the service of assessing and collecting the same in her own way. For every State failing to make the assessment and collection, officers will be appointed by the Federal Government. Of course every loyal State will adopt the former alternative. The saving to Maine will be very nearly the whole amount of the per centage allowed.

The direct tax is to be levied upon the value of all lands and lots of ground with their improvements and the dwelling-houses thereon, except such property as is specially exempted by the State laws from taxation, or such not exceeding the value $500 as may be actually occupied by the owner thereof. The money value to be fixed on the 1st day of April, 1862, due regard being had to the former and usual valuation of the property.

The income tax is levied upon all persons having an income exceeding $800 per year. That is, 3 per cent. will be assessed upon any excess of that sum. The income tax will personally affect all who receive regular wages or salaries, all companies, whether corporate or not, who have gains or profits derived from sources not otherwise taxed by the act, and all who have incomes derived from any source of business, trade or vocation, dividends of stocks, interest of money or debts, salaries, interest on legacies, annuities, or derived from any other source, within or beyond the boundaries of the United States." In other words the net annual profits of any business, profession &c., exceeding $800 are to be subject to to this tax. The only exceptions to the provision above recited, are as follows: every non-resident drawing income from business or estates in either of the States or Territories will pay a tax of five per cent.; every person drawing income from United States Treasury notes or other Government securities, two and a half per cent. The first assessment to be made January 1st, 1862, upon the incomes of the preceding year, local taxes on the property assessed to be first deducted. The amount of revenue to be realized by these measures is estimated at one hundred millions.

Connected with these is another fiscal measure for the relief of the Treasury and the convenience of the people—an act supplementary of the Loan bill, which allows the Secretary of the Treasury to issue 20-year 6 per cent bonds in exchange for Treasury notes. It also makes Treasury notes payable on demand redeemable at St. Louis and Cincinnati, and permits $5 notes to be issued. Treasury notes of less than $50, without interest, payable on demand, shall be received for public dues.

The Scientific Survey. The Bangor *Whig* of Tuesday last gives the following programme of the proposed movements of the geological and agricultural survey in northeastern Maine:

"The Maine Scientific Survey will start from this city to-day. E. Holmes, department of Natural History; C. H. Hitchcock, Geology, assisted by Geo. L. Goodale, Botanist, and A. S. Packard, Entomologist.

They go up the east branch of the Penobscot to Grand Lake; from thence up the Webster stream, through the cut, into Cumberland Lake, and thence into the Allegash; down the same to the St. John to Fort Kent; and thence through Aroostook county.

At Long Lake the party will divide; one company carrying across the waters of the St. John, near Seven Islands, and exploring down that river, will unite again at the mouth of the Allegash.

This route will give an extensive exploration of a portion of the public lands which have never been examined by Geologists, and which are believed to be rich in geological resources.

The explorers are well fitted out with necessary supplies, and provided with three large canoes and a batteau, which are managed by a competent corps of men used to the woods and camp life.

Mr. C. L. Goodale of Saco, who is now with the Governor, is one of the directors of the Survey, and has been there for the week past rendering effectual aid to Dr. Holmes in fitting out the party for effective operations in their forest labors."

The March of the Seventh. This is the title of a handsomely printed discourse, preached on Sunday, June 9th, by Sullivan H. Weston, D. D., Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, and Chaplain of the famous Seventh New York Regiment. It embodies a very interesting narrative of the thirty days' service of this regiment, when the existence of the Government for a time seemed to hang upon the promptness and vigor of its movements.

Commencement at Brunswick. Wednesday last was regular Commencement day of Bowdoin College. Among the business transacted by the Trustees and Overseers, was the election of J. L. Chamberlain, Professor of Rhetoric, as Professor of Modern Languages; Dr. Israel T. Dana of Portland, Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, vice Dr. Sweetser, resigned. H. H. Hill of Augusta, and A. J. Fuller of Bath, members at large of the Faculty of Medicine.

A committee was appointed consisting of Messrs. Shepley, Evans, Vose, Lord and Rice to consider the expediency of holding a summer term of the Medical School in Portland.

A vote was adopted to establish a law school in connection with the College, as soon as the sum of $25,000 is secured as a foundation for such a school. Also appropriating $200 yearly for three years to purchase philosophical apparatus; $1000 towards the completion of the Medical College.

The exercises of the graduating class were attended by a large audience—the parts were well written and generally delivered in an earnest telling manner, eliciting applause and frequent showers of boquets from fair hands in the galleries.

At the conclusion of the exercises, the alumni, including the graduates and invited guests, adjourned to a dinner in the Congregational vestry. In the evening a brilliant levee was given by President Woods, at his residence, and a ball came off at Tontine Hall, under the auspices of the graduating class.

The following degrees were conferred:

Honorary Degrees.—D. D., Rev. Sewall Tenney, of the Board of Trustees; M. D., Joseph Springall; A. M., Josiah B. Webb, Arno Wiswell, Abijah D. Sanborn, and George F. Dunning.

A. M. in Course.—Almarin F. Badger, Samuel A. Bradley, Daniel C. Burleigh, Nathan Cleaves, Edward C. Conant, John W. Phillips, Edwin Reed, Andrew J. Thompson.

A. M. out of Course.—Bion F. Kendall, class of 1852, and Charles H. Foster, class of 1855.

A. B. in Course.—James W. Bradbury, Jr., Theodore D. Bradford, James B. Cochrane, Nelson P. Cram, Wellington R. Cross, Frank L. Dingley, William W. Eaton, Edwin Emery, Merritt C. Fernald, Samuel Fessenden, Charles G. Haines, Albion Howe, Charles O. Hunt, Albion H. Johnson, Samuel Jordan, Augustus N. Lufkin, Stephen H. Manning, Moses Owen, Alpheus S. Packard, Jr., Albert D. Palmer, Gustavus Palmer, Lauriston F. Purington, Fabius M. Rhea, Reuben A. Rideout, Edward Simonton, Edwin Smith, Edward Stanwood, Geo. E. Stubbs, John W. Thorp, Grenville M. Thurlow, Joseph B. Upham, Jr., Sylvanus D. Waterman, Philenthius C. Wiley.

A. B. out of Course.—Charles H. Foster and Benjamin B. Foster, class of 1855; George R. McIntire, Moses A. Pulsifer and Lysander Hill, class of 1858; Ezekiel R. Mayo, Frederick A. Kendall, Roscoe E. Farnham, Thos. B. Reed, William D. Haley, William L. Haskell, Granville P. Hawes, class of 1860.

Republican State Convention. This Convention was held in this city on Wednesday last. The Committee on Credentials reported 660 delegates present. F. R. Woodbury, Esq., of Houlton, was chosen President, with a Vice President from each county, and Jas. M. Lincoln of Bath and John H. Lynde of Bangor, Secretaries. Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., was unanimously nominated for re-election as Governor, 424 votes being thrown. A series of resolutions were adopted, the first assuring our "Southern brethren" that the present war is not waged for "their conquest or subjugation," but to "defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and to preserve the Union;" the second, endorsing the course of the National Administration in its efforts to suppress rebellion among our brethren aforesaid; the third, commanding the bravery and devotion of the volunteers who have marched to the defence of their country, and approving all measures for their benefit adopted by our State Legislature and by Congress; the fourth, recognizing with admiration and gratitude the unselfish patriotism of the great mass of the democratic party, in the loyal States, both native and adopted citizens, who have zealously come forward to the defence of the common flag; the fifth, endorsing the re-nomination of Gov. Washburn, as reflecting the wishes of a vast majority of his fellow citizens, for his spotless integrity, self-sacrificing devotion to the duties of his office, and thorough sympathy with the great cause imperiled by treason and rebellion.

Great Union Meeting in Bangor. An immense assemblage of the Union men of Bangor and vicinity was held on Saturday evening last at Norembega Hall, in Bangor. It was composed of the leading men and masses of both political parties, and was called for the purpose of rebuking the tories and traitors who are to hold a convention in that city on Thursday of this week, to lend aid and comfort to the enemy and to plot measures for the destruction of the Union. A series of resolutions were adopted with overwhelming enthusiasm, expressive of their abhorrence and condemnation of the treasonable purposes of such a convention and of the pestilent character of the Bangor *Democrat*, its infamous and unscrupulous organ. The meeting was addressed in support of the resolutions by distinguished gentlemen of the Republican and Democratic parties, and at its adjournment voted to re-assemble at the same place at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, the day of the proposed disunion Convention, and continue in session until 11 P. M., inviting the Union men of the Penobscot valley to be present.

Office of the Bangor Democrat Destroyed. The *Whig and Courier* of Tuesday states that during an alarm of fire in that city on Monday, about noon, a crowd of people took possession of the office of the Bangor *Democrat*, and threw the printing materials of the paper out of the windows. The office was completely gutted, and the stands, cases, newspapers, &c., afterwards burned in the street. The barber shop of J. Jones on Kenduskeag bridge was also cleared out by the crowd, in consequence of an assault made by Jones upon Mr. John Wyman for remarks made by the latter in relation to the secession editors of the *Democrat*.

The Edinburg Review for July. A number of unusual value and interest. The contents are: Popular Education in England; Literary Remains of Albert Durer; Carthage; The Novels of Fernan Caballero; Watson's Life of Porson; The Countess of Albany, the Last Stuarts and Alfieri; Buckle's Civilization in Spain and Scotland; De Chaillu's Adventures in Equatorial Africa; Church Reformation in Italy; Count Cavour. Republished by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold street, New York. The present being the commencement of new volumes of the English Magazines, is a favorable time to subscribe. Terms for either of the four Reviews, $3; for any two of them, $5; for any three of them, $7; for any four of them, $8; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, $10. A discount of 25 per cent. will be allowed to clubs ordering four or more copies of either of the above works.

Sabbath School Question Books. Mr. D. C. Stanwood, bookseller, of this city, has laid upon our table a series of Question Books, recently published by Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill, Boston. They are designed for the use of scholars of Congregational Sabbath Schools and seem to be prepared with ability and care. The series consists as follows: The Explanatory Question Book; Youth's Scripture Question Book; Lessons on Paul's Epistles to the Hebrews; Questions on the Book of Isaiah; The Child's Illustrated Scripture Question Book.

Books for Juveniles. We have before us a series of simple and interesting stories for children, written by Catherine D. Bell, and published in a neat and attractive form by Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill, Boston. The titles of the books are as follows: Willie and Charlie, or the Way to be Happy; Philip and Bessie or Wisdom's Ways; Jessie Carter, or Trust in God; Ned the Shepherd Boy. They may be obtained in this city at Stanwood's bookstore.

Fire in Augusta. Shortly after 9 o'clock on Thursday evening last, an old building on Myrtle Street, east side of the river, formerly occupied as a blacksmith shop, but lately used for the storage of carriages, farming tools, &c., was discovered to be on fire. It had made such progress, however, that it was found impossible to save the building, which, with all its contents, except a new express wagon belonging to S. S. Brooks, Esq., was totally destroyed. The firemen were promptly on hand, but owing to some difficulty in procuring water, could not act with their usual efficiency and success. The Houlton company of volunteers now encamped in this city did good service in preventing the spread of the fire. When the alarm was given they formed at the encampment under the orders of Lieut. Butler in double file and taking up the double quick movement were among the first to arrive upon the ground. Here they took an active part in demolishing an old building contiguous, which it was feared might communicate the flames to other and more valuable property. This done, they reformed and marched in perfect order back to their quarters. Their manly and considerate conduct on this occasion won the admiration of our citizens. The property destroyed was owned by Joseph W. Patterson, Esq.,—value about $250, and not insured.

The Seventh Regiment. Three companies to compose a portion of the Seventh Regiment of Volunteers are now encamped upon the State grounds in this city, viz: the Houlton Company, Capt. J. W. Freese, the China Company, Capt. J. P. Jones, and the Unity Company, Capt. C. H. Robinson. The remaining companies to constitute the regiment are ordered to rendezvous here forthwith, and it is expected that they will all join the encampment during the present week. A few recruits are needed to make up the necessary complement of men for the designated companies, and with the increased inducements of pay and bounty offered by the government, we presume there will be no delay in securing the required number. Ai Staples, Esq. of this city, has been appointed by Gov. Washburn, Commissary of the Seventh.

P. S.—A company from Kendall's Mills, numbering 100 men and commanded by Capt. Selden Connor, arrived in this city on Tuesday. Capt. Connor has already served three months in the First Vermont Regiment which has just returned home, their term of service having expired.

Bad Management. A correspondent of the Portland *Courier* writing from the camp of the 5th Maine Regiment, represents the Commissariat of the regiment as deplorably deficient, and the men in a state of open insubordination, if not of absolute mutiny. Two companies started from their encampment for Washington, declaring that they would rather be shot in the attempt than remain in camp and starve to death. They were persuaded, however, by their officers, to return upon the promise of improvement in their rations, contenting themselves with hanging their Quartermaster in effigy. It is said that Gen. Howard has taken the matter in hand, and that a reform in the commissary department will undoubtedly be effected. Is it possible that the officers of the regiment are so grossly inefficient and neglectful of their duties, as to permit their men to be fed upon mouldy bread and not even enough of that?

Gen. McDowell's Report. We make room this week, to the exclusion of other matter, for Gen. McDowell's report of the disastrous battle of Bull Run on the 21st of July last. It is the only report which gives a complete review of events connected with the attack upon the enemy's position, from its inception to its unfortunate termination, with an explanation of the causes which led to its failure and defeat. The main cause of the defeat, as shown by the report, was the lack of transportation service to enable the army to move with the requisite promptness, thus delaying the attack several days beyond the time fixed upon, and enabling the forces of Johnston to form a junction with Beauregard at the critical moment when victory seemed certain for the federal forces.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The concert at Meonian Hall on Thursday evening last by this accomplished company of musicians, was a success. For the first time at any concert during the season, a large as well as appreciative audience was in attendance, and the degree of pleasure derived from the exquisite performance of choice music upon the various instruments we are sure will secure for these artists, whenever they shall again visit us, an equally liberal attendance of our concert going people. We hope they may find it convenient to do so during the present summer.

An Impostor. A man named V. B. Bray, representing himself an agent for the *Farmer*, we learn has been engaged recently in procuring subscribers for this paper in Franklin County and obtaining payment for the same. We have no knowledge of any such person. He has no authority from us to act as agent, and those who have given him their names and paid him money have undoubtedly been swindled. We publish this notice to put others on their guard against imposition.

Artillery and Cavalry. The *Kennebec Journal* intimates that a battery of six, eight or ten pieces of artillery, and a battalion of four companies of cavalry, organized in Maine, would be accepted by the State government, and mustered into the U. S. service. We have heard it more than hinted that Col. John Goddard, one of the most energetic and enterprising men of Maine, is interesting himself in the project of raising a battery of artillery. If such is the fact, the movement is bound to succeed.

Westminister Review for July. The leading article of this number is an able and appreciative paper on the "Life and Letters of Schleirmacher," the German spiritualist. The articles which follow, are the Salmon Fisheries of England and Wales; Witt on Representative Government; The Countess of Albany; Equatorial Africa and its Inhabitants; Christian Creeds and their Defenders. Republished by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold street, New York. $3 per annum.

☞The following nominations were made by the County and Senatorial Republican Conventions held in this city on Thursday last:—*Senators*—Warren Perceival, Vassalboro'; Noah Woods, Gardiner; Peleg F. Pike, Fayette. *County Commissioner*—N. Graves, Vienna. *County Attorney*—C. Danforth, Gardiner. *County Treasurer*—Daniel Pike, Augusta.

The Contraband Question The Secretary of War has duly authorized Gen. Butler to act in relation to fugitive negroes in accordance with the views expressed by him in the letter to be found on our fourth page. This, it is to be presumed, will be the established policy of the Government.

☞Mr. Granger, commissioned by the Governor and Council, to copy Stuart's portrait of Gen. Knox, has completed the work, and the portrait is now hanging in the rotunda of the State House in this city. It is said to be an excellent copy, and the picture is very creditable to Mr. Granger as an artist.

☞We learn that a woman named Orrick, about forty years of age, died suddenly in this city on Monday last, from the intemperate use of ardent spirits.

Democratic State Convention. The State Democratic Convention will be holden in this city, for the nomination of a candidate for Governor, on Wednesday of the present week.

The Battle of Bull Run.

Gen. McDowell's Official Report.

Headquarters Department Northeastern Virginia, Arlington Va., August, 4, 1861.

Lieutenant Colonel E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General, Headquarters of the Army, Washington, D. C.

Colonel: I have the honor to submit the following report of the battle of the 21st of July, near Manassas, Virginia. It has been delayed till this time from the inability of the subordinate commanders to get earlier a true account of the state of their commands.

In my communication to you of the 20th ult., I stated it as my intention to move that afternoon, and drive the enemy from the east side of Bull Run, so as to enable the engineers to make a sufficiently accurate reconnoissance to justify our future movements. Later in the day they had obtained enough information of the passage across the stream to dispense with this reconnoissance, and it was decided to move without delay. It had been my intention to move the several columns out on the road a few miles on the evening of the 20th, so that they would have a shorter march in the morning; but I deferred to those who had the greatest distance to go, and who preferred starting early in the morning, and making but one move.

On the evening of the 20th ult., my command was mostly at or near Centreville. The enemy was at or near Manassas, distant from Centreville about seven miles to the southwest. Centreville is a village of a few houses, mostly on the west side of a ridge running nearly north and south. The road from Centreville to Manassas Junction was along this ridge, and crosses Bull Run about three miles from the former place. The Warrenton turnpike, which runs nearly east and west, goes over this ridge through the village, and crosses Bull Run about four miles from it, Bull Run having a course between the crossing from northwest to southeast. The first division (Tyler's) was stationed on the north side of the Warrenton turnpike, and on the eastern slope of the Centreville ridge, two brigades on the same road, and a mile and a half in advance, to the west of the ridge, and one brigade on the road from Centreville to Manassas where it crosses Bull Run, at Blackburn's Ford, where General Tyler had the engagement of the 18th ult. The second division (Hunter's) was on the Warrenton turnpike, one mile east of Centreville. The third division (Heintzelman's) was on a road known as the Old Braddock road, which comes into Centreville from the southeast, about a mile and a half from the village. The fifth division (Mile's) was on the same road with the third division, and between it and Centreville. A map which is herewith, marked A, will show these positions better than I can describe them.

On Friday night a train of subsistence arrived, and on Saturday its contents were ordered to be issued to the command, and the men required to have three days' rations in their harversacks. On Saturday orders were issued for the available force to march. As reported to you in my letter of the 19th ult., my personal reconnoissance of the roads to the south had shown that it was not practicable to carry out the original plan of turning the enemy's position on their right. The affair of the 18th at Blackburn's Ford showed that he was too strong at that point for us to force a passage there without great loss, and if we did that it would bring us in front of his strong position at Manassas, which was not desired. Our information was that the stone bridge, over which the Warrenton road crossed Bull Run, to the west of Centreville, was defended by a battery in position, and the road on his side of the stream impeded by a heavy abatis. The alternative was, therefore, to turn the extreme left of his position. Reliable information was obtained of an undefended ford about three miles above the bridge, there being another ford between it and the bridge, which was defended. It was therefore determined to take the road to the upper ford, and after crossing, to get behind the forces guarding the lower ford and the bridge, and after occupying the Warrenton road east of the bridge, to send out a force to destroy the railroad at or near Gainesville, and thus break up the communication between the enemy's force at Manassas and those in the valley of Virginia, before Winchester, which had been held in check by Major General Patterson.

Brigadier General Tyler was directed to move with three of his brigades on the Warrenton road, and commenced cannonading the enemy's batteries, while Hunter's division, moving after him, should, after passing a little stream called Cub run, turn to the right and north, and move around to the upper ford, and there turn south and get behind the enemy. Colonel Heintzelman's division was to follow Hunter's as far as the turning off place to the lower ford, where he was to cross after the enemy should have been driven out by Hunter's division, the Fifth division (Miles') to be in reserve on the Centreville ridge.

I had felt anxious about the road from Manassas by Blackburn's Ford to Centreville, along the ridge, fearing that whilst we should be in force to the front, and endeavoring to turn the enemy's position, we ourselves should be turned by him by this road; for if he should once obtain possession of this ridge, which overlooks all the country to the west to the foot of the spurs of the Blue Ridge, we should have been irretrievably cut off and destroyed. I had, therefore, directed this point to be held in force, and sent an engineer to extemporize some field works to strengthen the position.

The Fourth division (Runyon's) had not been brought to the front further than to guard our communications by way of Vienna and the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. His advanced regiment was about seven miles in the rear of Centreville.

The divisions were ordered to march at half-past two o'clock A. M., so as to arrive on the ground early in the day, and thus avoid the heat which is to be expected at this season. There was delay in the first division getting out of its camp on the road, and the other divisions were in consequence between two and three hours behind the time appointed—a great misfortune, as events turned out. The wood road leading from the Warrenton turnpike to the upper ford was much longer than we counted upon, the general direction of the stream being oblique to the road, and we having the obtuse angle on our side.

Gen. Tyler commenced with his artillery at half past six A. M., but the enemy did not reply, and after some time it became a question whether he was in any force in our front, and if he did not intend himself to make an attack, and make it by Blackburn's Ford. After firing several times, and obtaining no response, I held one of Heintzelman's brigades in reserve in case we should have to send any troops back to reinforce Miles's division. The other brigades moved forward as directed in the general order. On reaching the ford, at Sudley's Spring, I found part of the leading brigade of Hunter's division (Burnside's) had crossed, but the men were slow in getting over, stopping to drink. As at this time the clouds of dust from the direction of Manassas indicated the immediate approach of a large force, and fearing it might come down on the head of the column before the division could all get over and sustain it, orders were sent back to the heads of regiments to break from the column and come forward as fast as possible. Orders were sent by an officer to the reserve brigade of Heintzelman's division to come by a nearer road across the fields, and an aid-de-camp was sent to Brigadier General Tyler to direct him to press forward his attack, as large bodies of the enemy were passing in front of him to attack the division which had crossed over. The ground between the stream and the road leading from Sudley's Spring south, and over which Burnside's brigade marched, was for about a mile from the ford thickly wooded, whilst on the right of the road for about the same distance the country was divided between fields and woods. About a mile from the road the country on both sides of the road is open, and for nearly a mile further large rolling fields extend down to the Warrenton turnpike, which crosses what became the field of battle through the valley of a small water-course, a tributary of Bull Run.

Shortly after the leading regiment of the first brigade reached this open space, and whilst others and the second brigade were crossing to the front and right the enemy opened his fire, beginning with artillery, and following it up with infantry. The leading brigade (Burnside's) had to sustain this shock for a short time without support, and did it well. The battalion of regular infantry was sent to sustain it, and shortly afterward the other corps of Porter's brigade, and a regiment detached from Heintzelman's division, to the left, forced the enemy back far enough to allow Sherman's and Keyes' brigades of Tyler's division, to cross from their position on the Warrington road. These drove the right of the enemy, understood to have been commanded by Beauregard, from the front of the field, and out of the detached woods, and down to the road, and across it up the slopes on the other side. Whilst this was going on Heintzelman's division was moving down the field to the stream and up to the road beyond. Beyond the Warrington road, and to the left of the road, down which our troops had marched from Sudley's Spring, is a hill with a farm house on it. Behind this hill the enemy had, early in the day, some of his most annoying batteries planted. Across the road from this hill was another hill, or rather elevated ridge, or table of land. The hottest part of the contest was for the possession of this hill, with a house on it. The force engaged here was Heintzelman's division, Wilcox's and Howard's brigade on the right supported by part of Porter's brigade and the cavalry under Palmer and Franklin's brigade of Heintzelman's division, Sherman's brigade of Tyler's division in the centre and up the road, whilst Keyes' brigade of Tyler's division was on the left, attacking the batteries near the stone bridge. The Rhode Island battery of Barnside's brigade also participated in this attack by its fire from the north of the turnpike. The enemy was understood to have been commanded by J. E. Johnston. Rickett's battery, which did such effective service and played so brilliant a part in this contest was, together with Griffin's battery, on the side of the hill and became the object of the special attention of the enemy, who succeeded—our officers mistaking one of his regiments for one of our own, and allowing it to approach without firing upon it—in disabling the battery and then attempted to take it. Three times was he repulsed by different corps in succession and driven back, and the guns taken by hand, the horses being killed, and pulled away. The third time it was supposed by us all that the repulse was final, for he was driven entirely from the hill and so far beyond it as not to be in sight, and all were certain that the day was ours. He had before this been driven a mile and a half, and was beyond the Warrenton road, which was entirely in our possession from the stone bridge westward, and our engineers were just completing the removal of the abatis across the road to allow our reinforcement (Schenk's brigade and Ayers' battery) to join us.

The enemy was evidently disheartened and broken. But we had been fighting since half-past ten o'clock in the morning, and it was after three o'clock in the afternoon. The men had been up since two o'clock in the morning, and had made what to those unused to such things seemed a long march before coming into action, though the longest distance gone over was not more than nine and a half miles; and though they had three days' provisions served out to them the day before, many no doubt either did not eat them, or threw them away on the march or during the battle and were therefore without food. They had done much severe fighting. Some of the regiments which had been driven from the hill in the first two attempts of the enemy to keep possession of it had become shaken, were unsteady, and had many men out of the ranks.

It was at this time that the enemy's reinforcements came to his aid from the railroad train, understood to have just arrived from the valley with the residue of Johnston's army. They threw themselves in the woods on our right, and toward the rear of our right, and opened a fire of musketry on our men, which caused them to break and retire down the hillside. This soon degenerated into disorder, for which there was no remedy. Every effort was made to rally them, even beyond the reach of the enemy's fire, but in vain. The battalion of regular infantry alone moved up the hill opposite to the one with the house on it, and there maintained itself until our men could get down to and across the Warrenton turnpike, on the way back to the position we occupied in the morning. The plain was covered with the retreating troops, and they seemed to infect those with whom they came in contact. The retreat soon became a rout, and this soon degenerated still further into a panic.

Finding this state of affairs was beyond the efforts of all those who had assisted so faithfully during the long and hard day's work in gaining almost the object of our wishes, and that nothing remained on the field but to recognize what we could no longer prevent, I gave the necessary orders to protect their withdrawal, begging the men to form in line, and offer the appearance, at least, of organization. They returned by the fords to the Warrenton road, protected, by my order, by Colonel Porter's force of regulars. Once on the road, and the different corps coming together in small parties, many without officers, they became intermingled, and all organization was lost.

Orders had been sent back to Miles' division for a brigade to move forward and protect this retreat, and Colonel Blenker's brigade was detached for this purpose, and was ordered to go as far forward as the point where the road to the right left the main road.

By referring to the general order it will be seen that, while the operations were to go on in front, an attack was to be made at Blackburn's Ford by the brigade (Richardson's) stationed there. A reference to his report, and to that of Maj. Hunt, commanding the artillery, will show that this part of the plan was well and effectively carried out. It succeeded in deceiving the enemy for a considerable time, and in keeping in check a part of his force. The fire of the artillery at this point is represented as particularly destructive.

At the time of our retreat, seeing great activity in this direction, much firing, and columns of dust, I became anxious for this place, fearing if it were turned or forced the whole stream of our retreating mass would be captured or destroyed. After providing for the protection of the retreat by Porter's and Blenker's brigades, I found the whole force ordered to be stationed for the holding of the road from Manassas by Blackburn's ford to Centerville, on the march, under the orders from the Division Commander for Centerville. I immediately halted it, and ordered it to take up the best line of defence across the ridge that their position admitted of, and subsequently taking in person the command of this part of the army, I caused such disposition of the forces which had been added to by the First and Second New Jersey and the DeKalb regiments, ordered up from Runyon's reserve, before going forward, as would best serve to check the enemy. The ridge being held in this way, the retreating current passed slowly through Centerville to the rear. The enemy followed us from the ford as far as Cub run, and owing to the road becoming blocked up at the crossing, caused us much damage there, for the artillery could not pass, and several pieces and caissons had to be abandoned. In the panic the horses hauling the caissons and ammunition were cut from their places by persons to escape with, and in this way much confusion was caused, the panic aggravated, and the road encumbered. Not only were pieces of artillery lost, but also many of the embulances carrying the wounded.

By sundown most of our men had gotten behind Centerville ridge, and it became a question whether we should or not endeavor to make a stand there. The condition of our artillery and its ammunition, and the want of food for the men, who had generally abandoned or thrown away all that had been issued the day before, and the utter disorganization and consequent demoralization of the mass of the army, seemed to all who were near enough to be consulted—division and brigade commanders and staff—to admit of no alternative but to fall back; the more so as the position at Blackburn's ford was then in the possession of the enemy, and he was already turning our left. On sending the officers of the staff to the different camps, they found, as they reported to me, that our decision had been anticipated by the troops, most of those who had come in from the front being already on the road to the rear, the panic with which they came in still continuing and hurrying them along.

At — o'clock, the rear guard (Blenker's brigade) moved, covering the retreat, which was effected during the night and next morning. The troops at Fairfax station leaving by the cars, took with them the bulk of the supplies which had been sent there. My aid-de-camp, Major Wadsworth, stayed at Fairfax Court House till late in the morning, to see that the stragglers and weary and worn out soldiers were not left behind.

I transmit herewith the reports of the several division and brigade commanders, to which I refer for the conduct of particular regiments and corps, and a consolidated return of the killed, wounded and missing. From the latter it will be seen that our killed amounted to nineteen officers and four hundred and sixty-two non-commissioned officers and privates, and our wounded to sixty-four officers and nine hundred and forty-seven non-commissioned officers and privates. Many of the wounded will soon be able to join the ranks, and will leave our total of killed and disabled from further service under one thousand. The return of the missing is very inaccurate, the men supposed to be missing having fallen into other regiments, and gone to Washington—many of the Zouaves to New York. In one brigade the number originally reported at six hundred and sixteen was yesterday reduced to one hundred and seventy-four. These reductions are be made daily. In a few days a more correct return can be made.

Of course nothing accurate is known of the loss of the enemy. An officer of their forces, coming from them with a flag of truce, admitted eighteen hundred killed and wounded, and other information shows this to be much under the true number.

The officer commanding the Eleventh New York Zouaves and Col. Heintzelman, say that the returns of that regiment cannot be relied on, as many of those reported among the casualties have absented themselves since their return and have gone to New York. Among the missing reported, are many of our surgeons, who remained in attendance on our wounded, and were against the rules of modern warfare, made prisoners.

The issues of this hard fought battle, in which certainly our troops lost no credit in their conflict on the field with an enemy ably commanded, superior in numbers, who had but a short distance to march, and who acted on his own ground on the defensive, and always under cover, whilst our men were of necessity out on the open fields, should not prevent full credit being given to those officers and corps whose services merited success if they did not attain it.

As my position may warrant, even if it does not call, for some explanation of the causes, as far as they can be seen, which led to the results herein stated, I trust it may not be out of place if I refer in a few words to the immediate antecedents of the battle. When I submitted to the General-in-Chief, in compliance with his verbal instructions, the plan of operations and estimate of force required, the time I was to proceed to carry it into effect was fixed for the 8th of July, Monday. Every facility possible was given me by the General-in-Chief and heads of the administrative departments in making the necessary preparations. But the regiments, owing I was told to the want of transportation, came over very slowly. Many of them did not come across till eight or nine days after the time fixed upon, and went forward without my even seeing them, and without having been together before in a brigade. The sending reinforcements to General Patterson, by drawing off the wagons, was a further and unavoidable cause of delay. Notwithstanding the herculean efforts of the Quartermaster General, and his favoring me in every way, the wagons for ammunition, subsistence, &c., and the horses for the artillery, did not all arrive for more than a week after the time appointed to move. I was not even prepared, as late as the 14th ultimo, and the desire I should move became great, and it was wished I should not, if possible, delay longer than Tuesday, the 16th ultimo. When I did set out, on the 16th, I was still deficient in wagons for subsistence. But I went forward trusting to their being procured in time to follow me. The trains thus hurriedly gathered together, with horses, wagons, drivers, and wagon managers, all new and unused to each other, moved with difficulty and disorder, and was the cause of a day's delay in getting the provisions forward, making it necessary to make on Sunday the attack we should have made on Saturday.

I could not, with every exertion, get forward with the troops earlier than we did. I wished to go to Centreville the second day, which would have taken us there on the 17th, and enabled us, so far as they were concerned, to go into action on the 19th, instead of the 21st; but when I went forward from Fairfax Court House, beyond Germantown, to urge them forward, I was told it was impossible for the men to march further. They had only come from Vienna, about six miles, and it was not more than six and half miles farther to Centreville—In all a march of twelve and a half miles; but the men were foot weary, not so much, I was told, by the distance marched, as by the time they had been on foot, caused by the obstructions in the road and the slow pace we had to move to avoid ambuscades. The men were, moreover, unaccustomed to marching, their bodies not in condition for that kind of work, and not used to carrying even the load of light marching order.

We crossed Bull Run with about 18,000 men of all arms, the fifth division (Miles and Richardson's brigades) on the left, at Blackburn's ford to Centerville, and Schenck's brigade, of Tyler's division, on the left of the road, near the stone bridge, not participating in the main action. The numbers opposed to us have been variously estimated. I may safely say, and avoid even the appearance of exaggeration, that the enemy brought up all he could which were not kept engaged elsewhere. He had notice of our coming on the 17th, and had from that time until the 21st to bring up whatever he had. It is known that in estimating the force to go against Manassas, I engaged not to have to do with the enemy's forces under Johnston, then kept in check in the valley by Major General Patterson, or those kept engaged by Major General Butler, and I knew every effort was made by the General-in-Chief that this should be done, and that even if Johnston joined Beauregard, it would not be because he could be followed by General Patterson, but from causes not necessary for me to refer to, if I knew them all. This was not done, and the enemy was free to assemble from every direction in numbers only limited by the amount of his railroad rolling stock and his supply of provisions. To the forces therefore, we drove in from Fairfax Court House, Fairfax station, Germantown and Centerville, and those under Beauregard at Manassas, must be added those under Johnston from Winchester, and those brought up by Davis from Richmond and other places at the South, to which is to be added the levy en mass ordered by the Richmond authorities, which was ordered to assemble at Manassas. What all this amounted to, I cannot say—certainly much more than we attacked them with.

I could not, as I have said, more early push on faster, nor could I delay. A large and the best part of my forces were three months' volunteers, whose term of service was about to expire, but who were sent forward as having long enough time to ser

rott guns, four howitzers and one rifled cannon. On Monday night they encamped at Great Bethel, which had been completely deserted.

On Tuesday night they advanced toward Hampton, and at noon yesterday took up a position on the back of the river, some three miles from town, where Mayhew managed to escape through a cornfield, and swimming a couple of streams reached the fortress.

He says the object of the expedition was to draw out our forces, to attack Camp Hamilton or Newport News if practicable, and at least to destroy Hampton so as to prevent our using it for winter quarters.

Gen. Butler at once repaired to the end of Hampton bridge, where he remained until eleven o'clock.

Col. Webber erected a barricade near the Hampton end of the bridge and placed a strong guard at various points this side of the Creek.

A few minutes past midnight, Col. Magruder, with about about 500 rebels, some belonging to Hampton, entered the town and immediately fired the buildings. The greater part of the buildings were of wood, and being very dry the strong South wind soon produced a terrible conflagration.

There were perhaps twenty white peoplo and forty negroes in the town from inability to move, some of whom were in their houses when they were fired, and the rebels did not awaken them.

A company of rebels attempted to force the passage of the bridge, but were repulsed with the loss of 3 killed and 6 wounded.

The fire raged all night. The greater part of the rebels withdrew about morning, and at noon to-day but about seven or eight houses are standing.

The destruction of the town was an act of wanton cruelty to resident Unionists, and moreover, entirely useless, as General Butler intends to winter his army many miles beyond Hampton.

Strange Conduct of Capt. Mercer.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9. The correspondent of the *Herald* writing from the steam frigate Wabash, dated off Charleston bar, says, "some days since Her Britannic Majesty's gunboat Racer came alongside and her captain boarded us, conferred with Captain Mercer, and in about a half hour returned to his ship and went away, apparently standing further down the coast. Shortly after we lost sight of her. Our ship, then the only one on this station, got under way and stood out to sea and there remained for over fifty hours, long enough for all the ships in Charleston to make their escape, and all outside to make an easy entrance, if any there were in either case."

Kanawha Valley free from Rebels.

The *Tribune's* dispatch says that Gen. Rosencranz telegraphed to the Postmaster General that the rebels had been expelled from Kanawha, and asking for a resumption of the mail service, to which the department has appropriately responded.

Official List of Federal Losses in the Late Battle.

The *Herald's* dispatch says the official list gives the total of 19 officers and 462 men killed, and 64 officers and 947 men wounded, and 40 officers and 1176 men missing, at the Bull Run battle. The artillery loss was 6 rifled pieces of Co. D, 2d Artillery; 6 Parrott 10 pounders of Co. I, 1st Artillery; 2 rifled cannon and 2 howitzers of Co. E, 2d Artillery; 1 cannon of the 5th Artillery; 1 30-pounder Parrott gun of Co. G, 1st Artillery; 5 pieces of the Rhode Island Battery. Also 150 boxes of cartridges, 87 boxes of rifled cannon ammunition. 30 boxes of old firearms, 13 loaded provision wagons, 3000 bushels of oats, 2500 muskets, 8000 knapsacks and blankets.

Great Military Activity at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9. The activity among the Government teamsters is as great as at any time previous to the battle at Bull Run. Provisions and supplies in immense quantities are hauled to various camps both in and out of the city.

In this connection it may be stated that much more regard than heretofore is paid to the comfort and subsistence of soldiers. Consequently little, if any, complaint now exists among the the troops.

Soldiers arrive from time to time, including a large proportion of cavalry, and are distributed along our now extended Potomac lines.

Breckinridge at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 8. Messrs. Breckinridge and Vallandigham were announced this evening to address the Baltimore secessionists. There were several thousand persons present, a majority of whom were Union men. All attempts to quiet the people were responded to by cries of "remember the 19th of April," "remember the week of terror." Several fights took place, and some of the secessionists were roughly handled. Breckinridge was finally compelled to retire, and the cheers of his friends were deafened amid the groans and hisses. Mr. Vallandigham did not attempt to speak, and the crowd dispersed with cheers for the Union and groans for Jeff. Davis, interrupted by counter cheers and hisses.

Visit of Prince Napoleon to Manassas.

NEW YORK, 10th. Prince Napoleon returned from Manassas late this evening. He breakfasted with Beauregard and Johnston. He was strongly pressed to visit Jeff. Davis at Richmond. The fortifications at Manassas are formidable. The soldiers are numerous, but poorly dressed.

The Herald's Washington dispatch says Prince Napoleon was cordially received at Manassas and reviewed about 6000 rebel troops. He was pressed by Beauregard and Johnston to visit Richmond, but declined. Some of his suite report that there are about 60,000 troops at Manassas, and that they are dirty and ragged, and look half starved.

Another dispatch says it is reported that they are driven by pressing necessity to keep their starving army together.

Reported Acceptance of Garibaldi's Services.

NEW YORK, 11th. The *Tribune's* Washington dispatch says that Garibaldi has tendered his services to the American Government through the American Consul at Genoa and Secretary Seward. The offer has been accepted, and a Major General's commission tendered to the noble Italian.

Capture of Mathias Point Recommended.

The *Tribune's* correspondent urges the necessity of the immediate capture of Mathias Point, on which the rebels are erecting formidable batteries of rifled cannon, and which will soon be made impregnable, thus closing the Potomac.

Another Pirate Prize Re-captured---the Pirate Vessel Burned.

FORTRESS MONROE, 10th. The Quaker City this morning brought up the prize schooner George P. Baker, of Galveston, and her rebel crew of four men in irons. She was captured by our fleet off Galveston, and sent to New York with a Federal prize crew on board. She was captured again yesterday off Hatteras by the pirate York, who put four of her own crew on board. Meanwhile the York was seen by the gunboat Union, which gave chase and burnt the pirate, but not until she was beached, and her crew had escaped, taking with them the Federal prize crew.

The Union then re-captured the George P. Baker, and made prisoners of her pirate crew, transferring them to the Quaker City.

Improbable Report.

RICHMOND, Va., 9th, via New Orleans, 10th. The newspapers of this morning semi-officially announces that Admiral Dundas intends to take his fleet into Charleston, regardless of President Lincoln's blockade. The British Consul here states, however, that he has no official authority for such a statement.

Rebels Loading a Vessel with Supplies at St. John, N. B.

BOSTON, 11th. A Southern vessel now at St. John, N. B., and having a considerable quantity of ammunition on board, is stated as being destined to run the blockade. The captain and owner, both citizens of Charleston, are cautiously purchasing further supplies.

The above vessel is the ship Alliance of Charleston, which arrived at St. John July 15th, and the goods above referred to were landed alongside of her at the wharf there.

Battle Expected at Springfield, Missouri.

FRANKLIN, Mo., 10th. Advices from Springfield to Thursday morning say that no battle has yet been fought, but one is hourly expected. 500 cavalry were ready to move Thursday morning, and the Home Guard were in motion. The regulars remained in position, and the troops lay on their arms Tuesday and Wednesday nights. The rebels were encamped on Wilson Creek, 13 miles from Springfield.

NEWSPAPER OFFICE MOBBED. On Thursday afternoon, 8th inst., the office of the *Democratic Standard*, at Concord, N. H., was completely rifled of its contents by a mob composed of soldiers of the returned 1st Regiment, and citizens. The *Standard*, which has been a long time "secesh," published an article reflecting on the soldiers. They demanded a retraction, and the Palmers, editors and proprietors, shook pistols and axes out of the windows and dared the mob, while the city authorities endeavored to quell the disturbance. The office was immediately gutted, and the materials burned in the street. Two soldiers were slightly wounded by shots fired from the building, and the publishers of the paper were with difficulty rescued from the mob by the police and conveyed for safety to the State Prison.

Latest Telegraphic News.

The Rumored Entrance of British Fleet into Charleston.

ARREST OF EX-MINISTER FAULKNER.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF THE REBELS.

European Officers offering their Services.

WASHINGTON 12th. The alleged semi-official announcement in the Richmond papers, that Admiral Dundas intends to take his fleet into Charleston regardless of the blockade, has no practical significance. Even if the statement is true, vessels of any nation at peace with the United States, have a right to enter our ports, notwithstanding the blockade which is entended to operate against the rebel army.

The arrest of Ex-Minister Faulkner was effected to-day by a detachment of the Provost Guard. He was conveyed to jail, and and is not permitted to hold correspondence or conversation with any of his friends. It is said that he holds a commission of Brigadier General in the rebel army. A formal examination will soon take place. Shortly after his arrest, he remarked that he was not aware of doing anything to justify the proceeding against him, and he would, but for this, have had his accounts with the State Department settled to-day.

Prince Napoleon's experience with the rebels at Manassas does not seem to give him a very exalted opinion of them. He only of the entire party could be accommodated with a bed, the suite being compelled to sleep in their carriages, and he had but one good meal while there. The rebel soldiers, he says, have no tents, but sleep anywhere, under hedges and trees, and are miserably fed. He thinks Beauregard very much of a gentleman but very little of a soldier, while Johnston is both a soldier and a gentleman. His impression of the rebel army on the whole was bad.

Within the past five days ten new regiments have arrived at Washington.

NEW YORK, 12. The *Post's* special Washington dispatch says the rebels have sent two Tennessee regiments to Quanticoke Creek on the Potomac, the place lying at right angles with Manassas Junction.—Batteries are now being erected there to prevent a flank movement by our army on Manassas.

A number of most distinguished European officers, particularly from England and France, have tendered their services to the United States, but it is not known that any have been accepted. One of them in his letter says he regards the contest as between civilization and barbarism, and his love for the former controls his action.

Over seventy vessels have been purchased, and thirty chartered, generally of light draft, intended rather for coast than sea service, and much attention has been paid to swiftness in their selection.

COL. HOWARD'S OFFICIAL REPORT. The following are the material portions of Col. Howard's official report of the part taken by the Brigade under his command, composed of the 3d, 4th and 5th Maine and 2d Vermont regiments. After describing the march of the brigade on the morning of the 21st, from its encampment in Centerville to its position on the field, he says:

"I was ordered to move across the plain into the valley to our left, and there form line and march up through the thicket, to support a battery. Capt. Frye also reiterated the same instructions. In the manner indicated, I formed the first line, composed of the 4th Maine, Col. Berry, and the 2d Vermont, Col. Whiting. This line I marched up the hill. When we cleared the thicket we found one caisson and Lieut. Kerby, with his face covered with blood, on a horse which had been shot through the nose. My line passed this caisson, and just as the Vermont 2d gained the crest of the hill, the order to fire was given. The 4th Maine which was delayed a little by the thicket, then came up into line, and commenced firing. The enemy's battery on the left and the one on the right, soon came into position, and with showers of musket balls from that point, made it rather warm work for new men. But they stood well, and rallied to fire between twenty to thirty rounds per man.

After the first line had been formed and was well at work, I returned and brought up the 2d line—a remnant of the 5th of Maine and the 3d Maine composed this line. A part of the 5th Maine had returned, as near as I can learn, they having been discomfited by our own cavalry, and by a cannon ball striking their flank. Major Staples with the 3d Maine, replaced the Vermont 2d. The 4th Maine continued on the field, and the 5th of Maine (what were left,—I should judge about the strength of four companies,) took the extreme right. Soon this line began to break and fall back; an order for a wing to retire being understood for the whole. Major Nickerson, I noticed then. He asked me if I had given the order to retire, and I shook my head. He aided me especially, as he always has done, in rallying the command. Col. Dunnell said he was entirely exhausted and could hold out no longer.

Many officers strove to reform ranks, but we could not under fire. So I gave the order to retire under cover and form. The orders to retreat came to my ears before I left the field. There was very little organization before we reached Centreville, when we halted for an hour. At Centreville I learned that you were to retreat. I marched at the head of my Brigade in good order to Fairfax Court House. Here we lay on our arms till morning, and continued my march toward Alexandria.

As to conduct on the field, I myself noticed Col. Berry, Lieut. Col. Marshall and Maj. Nickerson, whom I have already noticed. Also Maj. Staples, and my Quartermaster Lt. Burt, who had volunteered with the 3d Maine. They were at their posts and doing their duty. Col. Whiting was at his post when I left for the second line and I refer to his report for notice of his field and company officers. They were not wanting. Col. Dunnel I have previously mentioned. I noticed Maj. Hamilton trying to rally and encourage his men. I wish particularly to speak of my aids, Lieuts. Buel and Mordicai. My brother, Chas. H. Howard, gave no little assistance in the moment of danger, and my orderly, John Tantish, followed me closely, fearless of exposure. I shall trust to the commanders of Regiments to do justice to the officers and soldiers of their commands.

THE NEW STATE MAP. The surveys for this important map are being completed with the same care with which they were commenced. We observe Mr. Chace is in town preparing a plan of Brunswick for it, as he has all the important towns of the State. We have watched the progress of this great undertaking with much interest. The publishers deserve the thanks and patronage of every citizen of Maine. We shall know infinitely more of each other geographically than ever before. No detail of roads, streams, ponds, &c., is intended to be omitted.

Messrs. Hitchcock and Holmes, the State Geologists, give the work their highest praise so far as completed, as do also Mr. Longfellow of the Coast Survey, and the Messrs. Blunt of New York, the latter having adopted it in the preparation of their Coast Charts, which are authorized and adopted by Government as the standard for accuracy.

The persistent energy and enterprise that push this work ahead in spite of obstacles and discouragements, are deserving of the highest praise.—*Brunswick Telegraph.*

"DR. HALSTED AND HIS PRACTICE. Our readers and the public are not unfamiliar with the name of Dr. Halsted, the proprietor of the famous Round Hill Water-Cure, in Northampton, Mass. The Doctor's treatment of disease, known as the 'Motorpathic system,' has produced wonderful and gratifying success where all others signally failed. This is especially efficient where the body is debilitated and 'run down.' It is also of marked merit in the cure of diseases incident to females, as many in this city can testify. We are knowing to many surprising cures effected by the doctor, and in cases where other physicians confessed themselves unable to accomplish any good. Being a physician of professional and scientific attainment, and having had the benefit of large experience and extensive practice, he can be consulted by all with entire confidence. His speciality, we should state, is the treatment of female diseases."—*Boston Daily Atlas and Bee.*

A DARK PICTURE OF THE SOUTH. The Cincinnati Gazette of the 7th inst., says:

We conversed yesterday with a gentleman direct from the infected district of Tennessee, and ascertained from him some facts in relation to the true condition of things in Secessia. Our informant left Randolph, Tenn., about a week ago, under pretense of going to Missouri to join the rebel army. He represents a most deplorable state of affairs in Memphis and Nashville—a want of employment among all classes but the military, and a want of food among a great many. Merchants and business men are becoming heartily tired of the war, and do not hesitate to say to the military chieftains that they must whip the North very soon or else give up the idea. Planters, too, are less enthusiastic in the Davis cause, and grumbles both loud and deep are uttered at the slowness with which it progresses. The removal of the blockade will be demanded of the Southern government before long, so our informant says.

Congressional Proceedings.

XXXVIIth Congress---Extra Session.

TUESDAY, August 6.

SENATE. The Senate met at 8 30

A communication was received from the President in answer to the resolution asking if Hon. Joseph A. Lano had been appointed a Brigadier General. It was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Dixon moved to suspend the rules to allow the committee on contingent expenses to report a resolution and have it passed the same day—agreed to.

Mr. Dixon reported a resolution to pay Asbury Dickens, late Secretary of the Senate his salary for one year from the present time,

Mr. Chandler moved to amend by inserting the name of McNair, late Sergeant-at-Arms—lost. The resolution was then passed.

The bill to punish certain crimes against the Government was taken up and passed.

Mr. Powell offered a resolution that the arrest of the Baltimore Police Commissioners was illegal and that they should be immediately released. The Senate refused to consider it, 7 against 33.

Lieut. Col. Emory's nomination was also confirmed.

Mr. Wilson moved to take up the joint resolution approving the acts of the President.

A resolution was passed to pay P. P. Stanton, a mileage.

The joint resolution to pay Capt. White's Company for protecting Oakland Bridge, was passed.

The amendment to the bill for repairing Long Bridge was concurred in.

Mr. Sumner presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts, instructing the Senators and Representatives from that State by all means to encourage the recognition of the republic of Hayti—laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

The Senate then went into executive session, after which at 12 o'clock the Senate adjourned sine die.

HOUSE. The bill relative to the Supreme Court relative to appeals was passed.

Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, asked unanimous consent to introduce a bill to define, prohibit and punish certain unlawful communication with the enemies of the United States.

Mr. Vallandigham objected.

The bill appropriating $20,000 for the repair of Long Bridge passed.

A resolution was adopted calling on the President to communicate to the House during the next session all correspondence with foreign nations since 1853 relating to maritime rights.

Messages from time to time were received by the Senate, the Committee on enrolled bills occasionally reporting and the Speaker signing the same.

Thursday noon there was much hurry among the officials transacting business.

Messages were received from the President informing the House that he had signed certain bills.

Mr. Wicktiffe, of Ky., took occasion to say that the intelligence from Kentucky to-day, is that Kentucky is for the Union. She was the first to come into and she will be the last to leave it.—This announcement was received with wild delight, which continued for a long period, interspersed with exclamations of hurrah for old Kentucky. A more animated scene had seldom been witnessed. Subsequently, Mr. Wickliff retired without the bar of the House, where he was quickly surrounded by crowds of members to hear the particulars concerning the good news he announced.

Messrs. Diven, Cox and May, severally made explanations relative to the resolutions offered by them yesterday, each denying that anything personal was intended.

Mr. Kellogg from the Committee then reported that the President had no further communication to make.

The Speaker then declared the House adjourned sine die.

The members then separated in good humor.

Foreign News.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer EUROPA from Liverpool July 27th, and Queenstown 28th, arrived at Halifax, Aug. 7.

Great Britain. In the House of Commons on the 15th, Sir C. Wood made some financial explanation relative to India, and asked for discretionary power to borrow five millions sterling for railway purposes. He believed, at the end of the present year Indian expenditure and income would be balanced. He said the government had evinced great anxiety to develop the resources of India as a cotton-producing country, and he believed the result would be that ultimately England would be rendered independent of America for cotton. This year the supply of cotton from India will be about 400,000 bales more than ever before.

In the House of Commons, on the same evening, Mr Buxton called attention to the increase of the Cuban slave trade, and the importance of supplementing the exertions of the naval force on the African coast by other measures. Mr. Gregory hoped the Emperor of the French would cooperate with England in putting down the slave trade. Recent events in America would, he trusted, prevent American capital from being embarked in this nefarious traffic. Lord Palmerston said nothing but the progress of public opinion in other nations could extinguish the slave trade. He regretted that the Government was not more successful in inducing the United States to take more stringent measures to put down the traffic, which is chiefly carried on by American vessels.

France. The Paris papers were busily discussing Lord John Russell's speech against the annexation of the Island of Sardinia to France.

Paris, July 27. The *Patrie* of this evening says it is asserted that the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples has been arrested. The papers which have been seized at Naples are said to prove that he has conspired against the government.

Italy. The protest by the Italian people against the French occupation of Rome, was receiving a vast number of signatures throughout Italy.

The Bourbon Central Committee has been discovered at Naples. A Bourbon Committee has also been discovered at Posilippo, the presiding officer of which and five accomplices had been arrested.

Austria. An Imperial decree has dissolved the Diet of Istria on account of its refusal to send representatives of the Council of the Empire, notwithstanding the repeated requests of the government. The same decree orders new elections for the Diet.

At a stormy discussion on nationalities in the lower house of the Reichsrath on the 26th, all the members of the right except three quitted the Chamber, reserving to themselves the right of expressing their views on a future occasion.

CLOSING HOURS OF CONGRESS. After nearly eight and a half hours spent in executive session, the Senate opened again on Monday night at ten and a half o'clock. The House bill fixing the number of Representatives at 239 was taken up, and after a short discussion laid over. The Senate again went into executive session at 11 o'clock, after which adjourned until 9.30 on Tuesday morning.

All the bills which passed both Houses were approved by the President, who yielded a reluctant approval to that for the confiscation of property used for rebellious purposes.

Each House provided, separately, for an increase of the pay of the volunteers and regulars $4 per month; but finally they united on a bill which increases their pay only $2 per month.

The following nominations for additional Brigadier Generals are said to have been confirmed by the Senate: Messrs. Hulburt, McClernand, Schenck, Grant, Baker, Lyon, Cox, Prentiss, Anderson, King, Sigel and Couch.

The principal officers of the new army regiments were also confirmed, while the rejections comprised only a few minor appointments.

Lieut. Colonel Emory's nomination was also confirmed.

The Senate confirmed Commanders Craven, Hall, Gardner and Foote to be Captains in the Navy, and the following Lieutenants to be Commanders: D. D. Porter, Almy, T. A. M. Craven, Strong, Frailey, Baldwin, May, Armstrong, Parker, Ronckendorff, Leroy, Woodhull, Parrot, Wainwright, Renshaw, Sartori, Lanier, Stanly, Stembel, Colvocoressis and Parker. Various promotions to Lieutenants were made, including Edward A. Selden, Chas. J. Graves, and Geo. E. Low.

The Senate also confirmed a large number of surgeons, assistant surgeons, and lieutenants of the marine corps, and the following assistant engineers to be chief engineers: Geo. R. Johnson, John W. Moore, Jas. B. Kimball, Alex. Helderson, and Stephen D. Hibberts.

The Senate confirmed only two Major Generals for the regular army, viz: Messrs. McClellan and Fremont. The following Brigadier Generals were confirmed: Mansfield, McDowell, Rosencrans, Anderson, Meigs, and Thomas, the last named Adjutant General.

The following is a correct list of confirmations of the higher officers commanding volunteers, as copied from the official records:

Major Generals—Banks, Dix, and Butler.

Brigadier Generals—McCall, Curtis, Kearney, Reynolds, King, Sigel, Heintzelman, Porter, Franklin, Stone, Thos. W. Sherman, Hooker, Lander, Baker, Kelley, Lyon, Pope, Cox, Hurlburt, Schenck, Prentiss, Grant, Couch, Governor Sprague, Burnside, Montgomery of New Jersey, Phelps of Vermont, Williams of Michigan, Hunter, W. F. Sherman, Buel, Oakes, Hamilton of Wisconsin, and McClernand.

A number of these gentlemen are regular army officers, while others have received a military education.

All of the many nominations were confirmed, a few captains and lieutenants excepted.

The Senate has confirmed George W. Peck of New York as Consul to Candia.

The President has appointed H. G. Wells of Michigan, Minister to Honduras.

E. B. French, of Maine, has been appointed 2d Auditor of the Treasury.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$6 00 to 8 50	Clear Salt Pork,	10 00 to 12 00
Corn Meal,	70 to 80	Mutton,	5 to 10
Rye Meal,	1 00 to 0 00	Turkeys,	10 to 12
Wheat,	1 62 to 2 00	Chickens,	10 to 12½
Rye,	80 to 85	Geese,	8 to 10
Corn,	58 to 68	Clover seed,	10 to 10
Beans,	1 25 to 2 00	Herdsgrass,	3 00 to 3 25
Oats,	35 to 37	Red Top,	75 to 1 00
Potatoes,	25 to 35	Hay,	3 00 to 10 00
Dried Apples,	4 to 5	Lime,	80 to 90
Cooking "	20 to 25	Fleece Wool,	25 to 28
Winter "	67 to 100	Pulled Wool,	25 to 28
Butter	12 to 16	Sheep Skins,	25 to 75
Cheese,	10 to 12	Hides,	3 to 3½
Eggs,	10 to 11	Calf Skins,	7 to 8
Lard,	12 to 13	Lamb Skins,	35 to 45
Round Hog,	$7 00 to 8 00		

FARMERS and others must remember that the prices of many articles in the above list fluctuate somewhat nearly every day—in proportion to their abundance or scarceity in the market, and as we can only give the prices for Tuesday, due allowance must be made.

BRIGHTON MARKET---Aug. 8.

At market, 1200 Beeves, 75 Stores, 4000 Sheep and Lambs and 450 Swine.

PRICES—*Market Beef*—Extra $6,50; first quality $6,25; second do., $6,00; third do. $4,50 a $5,50.

Working Oxen—None.

Milch Cows—$40 @ $44; common $17 @ $19.

Veal Calves—$3, $4 @ $5.

Yearlings—None; two years old none; three years old $17 @ $18.

Hides—4½ @ 5c. *Calf Skins* 8 @ 9c. ℔ lb.

Sheep and Lambs—$1.25 @ 1,50; extra $2, 3 @ $4,50.

Tallow—Sales at 6c ℔ lb.

Pelts—37c @ $1,00.

Swine—Stores wholesale 7c.; retail 8 @ 9c.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, together with the fifth quarter, or the hide and tallow at the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight, agreed on by the parties—varying from 28 to 34 ℔ cent.

BOSTON MARKET....Aug. 10.

FLOUR.—We quote common brands Western at $4; fancy $4 25 @ 4 37½; for extras, $4 50 @ $4 75; and superior, $5 25 @ $7 00, including choice brands St. Louis. Southern Flour is quiet at $5 75 @ $6 for common and fancy; $6 50 @ 7 00 for extra; $7,00 @ 7 50 for superior, including choice brands Baltimore.

CORN.—Southern and Western Yellow 59 @ 52c; and Western mixed 45 @ 50c per bush.

OATS.—Western, and Canada 33 @ 38c per bush.

RYE.—58 @ 60c per bush.

HAY.—Sales of Eastern dull at $10 @ $12 ℔ ton, cash

NEW YORK MARKET....Aug. 12.

Flour—Sales of superfine State at $4,25 a $4,35; extra do., $4,50 a 4,60; round hoop Ohio, 4,50 a 5,00; superfine western, 3,25 a 4,35; common to good extra western, 4,00 a 4,65; southern—mixed to good, 5,00 a 5,75; extra 6,00 a 9,00. Canada—superfine 4,25 a 4,35; extra 4, 0 a 7,50.

Wheat—Chicago spring, 95 a 103; Milwaukie club 98 a 108; Kentucky amber, 120.

Corn—mixed western 46 a 50.

Special Notices.

REMOVAL.

SANBORN & REED, DENTISTS,

SUCCESSORS TO DR. J. K. LINCOLN,

Have removed to

No. 143 State Street, opposite the Unitarian Church. 51tf

MELVILLE C. KEITH, M. D.

No. 10 Gage St., Weston Cottage, Augusta, Me,

Will pay special attention to long standing cases of Piles, Dyspepsia, Gravel, Diabetes, and those peculiar diseases connected with the urinary organs, and digestive apparatus. In the treatment of these Diseases, Botanic Remedies will be used exclusively, and no minerals *or poisons of any kind* will be used in his Practice. 19tf

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE,

The best in the World.

W. A. BATCHELOR'S SPLENDID HAIR DYE is the *Original* and only Reliable and Harmless Hair Dye known. Instantaneous in its effect, does not stain the skin, and invigorates the hair for life. Be careful and use none other than the genuine, signed on each side of every box—WILLIAM A. BATCHELOR. Sold by all Respectable Druggists and Fancy Goods Stores everywhere MANUFACTORY No. 81 BARCLAY ST., (late 16 Bond St., 232 Broad way,) NEW YORK. 1y24

Married.

Augusta, Aug. 12th, by Rev. E. B Webb, Isaac S. Belcher, Esq. of Marysville, Cal, to Adc. N., daughter of Wm. T. Johnson, Esq., 11th inst., by Rev. J. Ingraham, A. B. Hodgkins to Hattie A. Yeaton.

Brookville, John W. Emerson to Sarah L. Hooper.

China, Aug. 7th, by W. Percival, Esq., Wm. Campbell to Sarah S. Choate, both of Augusta.

Ellsworth, Loren J. Douglas to Ellen A. Haynes, both of Trenton.

Hallowell, Aug. 6th, by Rev. Brown, of Augusta, George F. Wingate to Emma A. Myers of Manchester; Benj. F. Jordan, of Danville, to Mary E. Jordan.

Portland, Jacob C. Baker to Mrs. Ruth H. Bancroft; H. W. Bishop, Jr., of Chicago, Ill., to Annie H. Manger; Baruwell Johnson to Anna M. Croesutan.

South Berwick, George W. Thompson to Susan L. Cooper of York.

Skowhegan, Dr. Henry Leavitt, of Dover, to Emma F. Robbins.

South Montville, Ward Mitchell to Ellen A. Peavey.

Yarmouth, Gilbert Leavitt to Abby P. Pottle.

Died.

Augusta, 27th ult. Brian P. Fletcher, aged 60.

Bangor, Mrs. Sarah Gray, aged 99 years.

Boston, James Howe, formerly of Gardiner, aged 40.

Boston, Waldo C., son of Albert L. Kelley, Esq. of Frankfort, aged 18 years.

China, July 29th, Marie P., wife of Shubel Bumps, aged 39.

Dmariscotta, Aug. 8th, Hittie W., daughter of Alden Flye, aged 5 years 8 mos.

East Readfield, Aug. 11, Relief, widow of Daniel Gordon, aged 92 years.

Falmouth Mrs. Cyrena, wife of Joseph Knight, aged 43.

Gardiner, Aug. 4. James Leard, aged 61 years.

Lost at sea, March 15th, on a passage to Rio Grande, Hawes Y. Reed, of Minnesota, formerly of Belfast, aged 36 years.

Pittston, Aug. 5th, Mrs. Eleanor Young, aged 72.

Portland, Mrs. Betsey Clark, formerly of Cape Elizabeth, aged 80; Margaret, infant daughter of Geo. H. Chadwick, aged 2 mos.

St. Albans, James Merrill, aged about 65.

South Montville, James Phillips, aged 54.

Vassalboro', Aug 9, Mrs. Vesta M. Austin, aged 27 years 10 months.

Windham, 8th inst., Cora Bell, daughter of Woodbury S. Maine, aged 22 mos.

PREBLE HOUSE,

PORTLAND, Me.,

Situated on Congress, corner of Preble Street.

This is the largest Hotel in the State, possessing all the modern improvements, and first class in every appointment.

CHAS. H. ADAMS,
3m35* PROPRIETOR.

EMERY & WATERHOUSE,

Importers of and Dealers in

HARD WARE, CUTLERY AND GLASS,

AGENTS FOR

Fairbanks' Scales, & Welch & Griffith's Saws,

No. 153 *Middle Street,*

Daniel F. Emery, } PORTLAND, Me.
J. W. Waterhouse, } 3m35*

HOBBS, CHASE & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

W. I. GOODS AND GROCERIES,

Flour, Pork, Lard, Cheese & Country Produce,

No. 135 *Fore Street, Head of Central Wharf,*

6m35 PORTLAND, Me.

TYLER & BUCKNAM,

Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES, SOLE LEATHER,

Wax Leather, French & American Calf Skins, Linings, Bindings, Kid & Goat Stock & Findings,

1y35 Nos. 31 and 33 Union Street, PORTLAND, Me.

BYRON GREENOUGH & CO.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

FURS, HATS, CAPS AND GLOVES,

148 *and* 150 *Middle Street,*

B. Greenough, } PORTLAND, Me.
A. L. Gilkey, }

Highest Price paid for Shipping Furs.

Particular attention is invited to our stock of Goods, it being by far the largest and most complete in our market, comprising every variety of style, made of the best materials and in a superior manner. 3m35

H. T. MACHIN,

WHOLESALE FLOUR DEALER,

No. 1 *Galt Block,*

6m35 PORTLAND, Me.

ADMINISTRATORS' SALE.

THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of John A. Tinkham, late of Monmouth, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will sell, pursuant to a license from Probate Court for Kennebec County, at auction, at the dwelling house of said John A. Tinkham, in said Monmouth, on Monday, the 30th day of September, A. D. 1861, at ten of the clock in the forenoon of said day, all the real estate belonging to the said John A. Tinkham, together with the reversion of the Widow's dower, unless sooner disposed of at private sale.

Also notes and accounts and other articles of personal property. WASHINGTON WILCOX, Adm'r.

Monmouth, Aug. 12, 1861. 35

KENNEBEC SS....*At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the second Monday of August, A. D.* 1861.

PHILIP C. HALL, Gurdian of MARTIN HUSTER of Clinton, in said County, non compos, having presented his first account of Gurdianship of said Ward for allowance, and said Guardian has filed his request for a discharge of said guardianship:

ORDERED, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the first Monday of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have why the same should not be allowed, and said Guardian discharged. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 35*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of August,* 1861.

ANN TYLER, widow of THOMAS S TYLER, late of Chelsea, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased; and also her application for Commissioners to be appointed to set out her dower in the real estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September next, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted, and such allowance made and Commissioners appointed. H. K. BAKER. *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest J. BURTON, *Register.* 35*

COMMUNION WINE.

A few gallons WINE of the *pure grape,* bought expressly for Communion Service, for sale by

30 DORR & CRAIG.

H. H. HAY,

DRUGGIST,

3m35 PORTLAND, Me.

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE PETITION OF Moses Whittier, Guardian of Josiah Whittier, 2d, of Readfield, in the County of Kennebec, non compos, respectfully represents that the said ward is seized and possessed of certain real estate, situate in said Readfield, and described as follows: Bounded on the west by the Bearse road, so called; on the north by the road leading from said Josiah Whittier's house to Thomas White's; on the south by the town line of Winthrop; and on the east by land of said White, containing ten acres, more or less. That it would be for the benefit of said ward that said estate should be sold and the proceeds placed at interest. Said Guardian therefore prays that he may be empowered agreeably to law to sell the same at public auction, or such part thereof as the Court may deem expedient. MOSES WHITTIER.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Court of Probate, at AUGUSTA, on the second Monday of August, 1861.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the first Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER. *Judge.*

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.*

Copy of petition and order thereon.

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.* 35*

KENNEBEC SS....*At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the second Monday of August, A. D.* 1861.

WARREN PERCIVAL, Executor of the last will and testament of ASA DEARBORN, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the first Monday of September next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 35*

KENNEBEC SS....*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of August, A. D.,* 1861.

REBECCA GARDNER, widow of JOHN E. GARDNER, late of Vassalboro', in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register:* 35*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of August,* 1861.

LYDIA FROST, widow of ISAAC FROST, late of Litchfield, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer printed in Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy—Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 35*

KENNEBEC SS....*At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the second Monday of August, A. D.* 1861

Poetry.

COMING HOME.

O brothers and sisters, growing old,
Do you all remember yet
That home, in the shade of the rustling trees,
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from school,
Through the summer's pleasant heat;
With the yellow fennel's golden dust
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in our idle mood
We loitered by the way?
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
And in the ficlds to play?

Till warned by the deep'ning shadow, fall,
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last, long hill,
And saw our home in sight!

And, brothers and sisters, older now
Than she whose life is o'er
Do you think of the mother's loving face,
That looked from the open door?

Alas, for the changing things of time;
That home in the dust is low;
And that loving smile was hid from us,
In the dark ess, long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on that home that shines
Eternal in the skies

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one,
Always together keeping step,
Till the march of life is done:

For that mother, who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hill of paradise
For her children's coming feet!

PHŒBE CARY.

Our Story-Teller.

LOCKED IN!

It was on a leaden-looking evening in October, 1858, that the fast-sailing packet CONCILIATION steamed out of the harbor at Holyhead. Dark clouds were gathering overhead, the short chopping waves slapped the sides of the vessel impatiently, and the thick black smoke shot straight from the funnel to the receding shore, as if anxious to escape from the turbulence of the water, and from a sooty canopy over dry land.

There were but few passengers on board, and a drizzling rain sent them below. One gentleman alone stood his ground upon the quarter-deck, and, comfortably encased in a suit of oil-skin, puffed his cigar in defiance of the weather. He was a tall, fair-haired man, with a bright eye, thin, high-bridged nose, and light wavy moustaches, through which was seen a good-humored but sarcastic mouth. He accommodated himself to the motion of the vessel like an experienced traveler, and, with well-gloved hands deep in his capacious pockets, looked on the steersman, the funnel, the lights upon the distant pier, and the vibration beneath him and about him, with an easy and comfortable non-chalance of manner that seemed peculiar to him.

Upon an obsequious and curly-headed steward—who kept coming on deck, and then diving down into the cabin upon those purposeless errands which would appear to be the continual employment of those functionaries when on duty—passing near the traveler he said: "Have you come to tell me that I musn't smoke?"

"No, sir," said the steward, with the usual deprecating smile; "you can smoke if you choose, sir: there's nobody on deck but you."

"Very few passengers to-night," remarked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir, very few, sir," replied the steward; "you're the only cabin passenger aboard."

"Am I?" said the gentleman. "Then I suppose I shall have my choice of berths?"

"Whichever you please, sir, when you come below. We've only one other passenger, and she's a lady."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, looking down the sky-light, as if to see if his fellow-traveler were in the cabin. "I'm afraid we shall have a rough passage."

"Yes, sir," answered the acquiescent steward; "it does look very dirty to wind'ard, sir;" and he dived down again.

The traveler lighted a fresh cigar, tossed away his old one, looked at the white foam in the vessel's wake and resumed his march. He was naturally a gregarious, companionable sort of fellow, fond of society, argument, the shock of opinions, and collision of ideas. He had hoped to meet some other well-traveled man, with whom he could have smoked and chatted. He felt that he should bore himself alone, and began to think about the lady who was his sole companion in the boat.

"I wish I knew her," thought he; "we could converse some hours away. Twenty years ago, I should have considered this quite an adventure. What fools men are in their salad-day! I should have thought that it was fate had thrown us together, because we were destined for each other. Perhaps she is married or old, or disagreeable. I shall be horribly bored till we reach Kingstown."

After half an hour's more walking, he looked down the skylight once again, and saw a lady seated in the cabin taking tea.

"She doesn't suffer, at all events," he thought to himself; "I may as well have a look at her;" and he finished his cigar, and descended the brass bound steps leading to the "cuddy."

The lady about whom he felt so interested, was over thirty years of age, and despite a pallid complexion and languid, mournful eyes, possessed great beauty. Her manners were elegant and refined; and a tinge of exhaustion in her face and voice heightened the sense of subdued sentiment that hung around her. Overwrought sensibility and sensitive nervous organization were written in the constant play of her short thin upper lip; and the perfect taste of her dress, completed the charm of a very fascinating invalid.

When the gentleman entered the cabin, she was seated at the table, waited on by a bustling and active stewardess. He took off his cap—as it were—*at* her, and disembarrassed himself of his oil-skin covering. He coughed in token of his presence, but she took no notice, but continued playing with her teaspoon, all unconscious of his entrance.

With a glance at the mirror, that betrayed a knowledge of the possession of a good appearance, and a smoothing of a well-tied cravat, the gentleman advanced towards the table, and coughed again. The vessel gave a slight lurch, and the tea-service clattered at the same time. They lady looked up, saw the new comer, and bowed slightly.

"I fear we are going to have a rough passage," began the male traveler, when the lady shrieked, and would have fallen, had not the stewardess ran forward to support her. The gentleman turned pale and red, and pale again, and trembled in every limb.

"Bring some water," he said, after a moment's pause. "Don't be alarmed; it's the—the surprise—the sudden —— Let me" —— He wetted his handkerchief, and laid it on her forehead, while the stewardess ran for her smelling-bottle. By the aid of their united exertions, in about five minutes the lady recovered, and looked about her as if just aroused from an unpleasant dream.

"Better leave us!" said the gentleman.

"Do—do you know the lady, sir?" asked the stewardess, hardly knowing what to do.

"Know her? Yes."

"You've only got to call, mum; I shall be close to," said the stewardess. "Can I do anything more, mum?"

"No—no, thank you," said the lady; "I'm quite well now." You, you need not trouble yourself farther."

The stewardess quitted the cabin, leaving the two passengers staring at each other in mute wonder.

"Good God, Maria, is it you?" said the gentleman.

"It seems almost impossible it can be you," answered the lady in low faltering tones.

"Are you—better now?" inquired the gentleman. "Can I get anything for you?"

"Nothing, thank you—if it be really you."

"It seems like a dream," continued the gentleman—"to think that after ten years, we should meet on board this boat! It is the most unexpected accident."

"Accident?" repeated the lady, with an inquiring look.

"Accident? Yes; really accident!"

"Are you sure you did not know that I was coming on board this—"

"How could I?" interrupted the gentleman. "I only landed at Southampton last week. Not a soul I knew was in London; so I took a run over to Dublin to visit Vincey Maguire. It's the most impossible adventure, to think of man and wife, ten years apart, meeting in the cabin of —— Are you going, Maria?"

The lady had risen from her seat. "I see no reason for my remaining," she said quietly.

"If you cannot bear to breathe the same atmosphere with me, I will retire, said the husband. "I will not turn you out of the cabin; I'll go on deck!"

The lady looked up to the sky-light above her, on which the rain was pattering furiously.

"Impossible to stay on deck in a night like this," said she, with a faint return of the interest of a wife.

"Thank you for that, Maria."

"I did not mean that," she explained hastily: "I——"

"You are unkind not to let me think you did," said the husband. "At all events, since we have met in this strange way, do not let us meet as enemies."

"*Enemies*? No!" smiled the lady.

"Yield to a suggestion of mine for once," continued the husband. "You were taking tea—don't let me deprive you of that; it will refresh you; or"—his face lighted up as with a bright idea—"suppose we take tea together?"

"Together!" echoed the lady.

"Oh! don't be alarmed," said the gentleman; "you shall pay for your own, and I for mine, and we'll have it on different trays, in the most platonic manner possible."

Despite the rapid beating of the heart, the lady could not repress a smile, of which her husband took immediate advantage by ordering tea for himself at the table opposite his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Thirlby had been married in the year 1846. Miss Harbrowe was a noted beauty, and Francis Thirlby a some what erratic bachelor. After a honeymoon, and three or four other moons more of unmixed sweetness, spent abroad amid grand old ruins, crumbling columns, and colossal statues, like ghosts of greatness passed away, undreamy skies and over pent volcanoes, they returned to cool and cloudy England—its tempestuous summers, mild though murky winters, and carefully concealed domestic hurricanes.

A year passed, and among old friends, old haunts, and old associations, easy-going Mr. Thirlby became the usual careless husband, engaged more with his Greenwich dinner and his clubs than home, unless he gave a party, when he would shine with his customary brilliance. When with his wife, he appeared absorbed in meditation. She resented his want of assiduity, and he resented her resentment. She had been an only child; so had he. Neither would be first to yield! Each was largely endowed with the fatal gift of sarcasm, and used it mercilessly. They stabbed their mutual happiness with epigrams, and battered down their home with the artillery of bitter words. Months passed in fierce storms and lowering threatening calms. The last provocation was given. Mrs. Thirlby was jealous. She left the house, and shortly after a separation was mutually agreed on.

Mr. Thirlby, finding his fireside cold, and his home merely furnished apartments, resolved on adopting a career. He had interest at the India House, and obtained an appointment in the Civil Service. Years had passed. He had returned; and as he looked at the wife he had once so loved and had so strangely met, he felt that he could have begun his courtship once again; the last fourteen years were annihilated; she was before him; the old charm floated around her, and he felt his heart liquefy as he traced the well-remembered features and their play beneath the swinging light in the close, trembling, rocking cabin.

Mrs. Thirlby sat with her eyes fixed on the tumbling sea—externally calm, violet-eyed, impassive, and grand. Her husband, leaning his elbow on the table, and his head upon his hand, said: "Upon my word, Maria, you are looking handsomer than ever!"

A flush of pleasure surged up to Mrs. Thirlby's face; she beat it back again bravely, but could not resist a slight smile, for she felt, with the self-consciousness of a handsome woman, that her husband had spoken truly, and as he thought.

"This is a remarkable meeting, is it not?" continued he, hardly knowing what to say, yet disliking silence more than hazarding something commonplace. "By the way, you have a servant with you, haven't you?"

"No," replied the lady.

"No! How is that?"

"Harriet had never seen the sea in her life, and refused to embark. She said we were sure to be drowned; so I came away without her."

"How odd!" said the husband: "there's not a single passenger—I mean in this cabin—but ourselves."

"We *are* single!" said the wife, relaxing to a smile.

"Of course we are—at present!" said the husband.

"And mean to keep so," continued Mrs. Thirlby, observing that her husband's eyes were fixed on hers with an expression of deep interest. Finding that his earnest gaze was noticed, that gentleman swallowed nearly a whole cup of tea at a draught.

"I haven't enjoyed my tea so much for years," said he, putting down the empty cup—"I may say ten years."

It was always Mr. Francis Thirlby's practice to jest when he was in earnest, until he felt his way, and his antagonist's power of resistance.

"Shall I be indiscreet in asking what motive you have in visiting Ireland?" he asked, finding that no reply, verbal or facial, was made to his last observation.

Mrs. Thirlby poured herself out a second cup of tea, and said: "am going to pass a few months with—— Oh!"

She shrieked with pain. Thirlby rose with an anxious and perturbed countenance.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I have scalded my hand," replied his ex-wife, applying her lips to the part affected.

"Allow me," said he, about to take hold of the injured member.

"Thank you, no," said the lady, hastily withdrawing it. "I permit no interference with what is entirely my own property."

The face of her husband turned red, and the wife felt the cruel pressure of victory.

"Better put a little dry soap on it; best thing in the world for a scald," said he: "I have some in my bag."

"You are very kind," answered the wife, touched with the attention.

"Not at all, Maria," said Thirlby, following up his success with the Christian name. "I am something of a traveler now, and am always provided with these little comforts—I should say necessaries."

He opened a black leather bag, scraped some soap on to a clean white handkerchief, and applied it to his wife's hand tenderly and carefully. He saw the wedding-ring shine over the whiteskin, and gave ever so small a sigh as he tied a knot just above it.

"Poor little hand!" said he caressingly, as he bent his head down towards it.

"Thank you; that will do very well!" remarked his wife, putting it under the table.

"Nothing like soft soap!" said he, smiling.

"No," answered the lady with placid dignity.

"How the boat pitches! As you are wounded, shall I do the honors?" said he.

"You are very gallant," she replied.

"Wasn't I always?" he asked as he reseated himself.

"Always," replied the wife; "but not to me."

"My dear Maria——"

"Pardon me; you are forgetting yourself!"

"Not at all," replied the husband stoutly. "I repeat it. Why were you and I so unhappy together?"

The vessel strained and pitched as he spoke, and orders were given upon deck, and the wind howled, and the rain beat down on the skylight above them.

There's a storm coming on," he remarked rather unnecessarily.

"I am afraid there is," replied the wife.

"But answer my question."

"What question?"

"Oh, you know," said he, irritably. "I asked you why we were always so unhappy together?"

"I might as well ask you why you were always so unkind?" said Mrs. Thirlby.

"I recognise you there," said the husband; "you answer one question by asking another. I remember you always did. It used to irritate me ——"

"Everything I did used to irritate you," interrupted the wife, calm and provoking.

"When it was irritating," amended Mr. Thirlby.

"*You* found it so," said the lady with feminine emphasis.

"Of course it was me," returned the husband; "I was the villain—husbands always are!"

"No; I was the termagant—wives always are!" repeated the lady.

"My love, you were always good and right, and pious, and virtuous," said Thirlby, his love of sarcasm overcoming her better sense. "You were always provokingly proper—all broken-hearted submission, meekness, mildness, and downcast eyes, as if advertising to the world: Look here! my monster is breaking my heart; not that I complain; oh, dear no; I am too good for that. He is killing me, and I am rather glad he is, I am so angelic and resigned!"

Mrs. Thirlby knit her brows; for a moment she hesitated between quitting the cabin and replying. Temper triumphed, and she spoke.

"If so, you pursued the opposite tactics," said she. "You were all smiles, frankness, jollity, and good-humor—to the world; a sort of proclamation of: See what a fine generous, open-hearted fellow I am, and yet my wife—my wicked wife—is miscarble with me!—Oh, thank Heaven, I am not your wife now!"

The ship lurched again, and Mrs. Thirlby's tea-cup fell to the floor, but without breaking.

"You needn't get into a passion," said her husband, "nor upset the tea-things; you're not at home now, you know."

"I did not upset it!" said the lady angrily.

"Yes, you did!"

"No, I didn't."

"I did not, sir!" repeated the lady, tapping the table authoritatively with her undamaged hand, and so knocking off the other cup, which broke into a dozen pieces.

"There," said her husband, picking up the fragments carefully, and arranging them before her, perhaps you didn't break that either?"

It would be impossible to describe the extent to which handsome Mrs. Thirlby was put out by this accident. Her face darkened, and without losing its beauty, looked a thunder-storm—the ox-eyed Juno wrathful with Jupiter.

Thirlby tried to walk the cabin. "Time has not subdued that awful temper then?" said he.

"Nor the recollection of your ill-usage," she replied. "Neither ten years nor ten hundred can do that!"

"Ten hundred!" he remarked; "you'll be a fine old lady by then."

"And so will you," retorted the wife; "you're more than forty now."

"Well, if I am," answered the husband angrily, "you're five-and-thirty—no chicken either."

One of the chief reasons that matrimonial differences are so bitter is, that each party is so well-informed of the enemy's weak side.

"Why, positively you're bald!" said Mrs. Thirlby, who had not before perceived the shining scalp in the centre of her husbands cranium; "yes, quite bald at the top."

Mr. Thirlby turned white with passion—he was a very vain man—and walked up to her as if about to make some overwhelming reply. Unfortunately, he saw that her hair was as black, as lustrous, and as rich as ever.

His wife guessed his intention, and said aggravatingly: "Poor old man, was he bald, then?"

"You know you were always a beauty," sneered the husband.

Mrs. Thirlby rose from her seat and bowed, as as if she said: "I know it;" which irritated her husband more than ever.

"As lovely as afflicted," continued he.

"At all events," replied the lady "that Mrs. ——"

"Silence, madame!" thundered the husband. "You have too often repeated that lady's name, and I forbid ——"

"You forbid, indeed!" cried his wife.—"And pray, who are you that command me? Why should I not mention that woman's—I beg pardon—lady's name? Who is to prevent me? Not her lover, sir," she continued lashing herself into a rage, "when he has ceased to be my husband."

"By Jove!" said Thirlby, "this is as it used to be; but as you say, we are separated;" and he bent his head over the table and droned: "For this and other mercies, Heaven make us truly thankful."

Mrs. Thirlby tore the handkerchief from the scalded hand and threw it across the table—the fragments of the soap fell into the sugar basin.

"What noble vengeance!" continued he in a pompous tone. "What greatness! what magnanimity of soul, this is refreshing! What a meeting, after ten years' absence! The breeze without, the row within. Any one could swear to us for man and wife!"

"Not your wife now, sir!"

"No, not my wife now. As I said a minute ago: for this and other mercies ——"

That lady rose to her feet. "Do not insult me, sir," she said. "I have been at peace for ten years. Do not raise my feelings that—that—that——"

"That what?" asked the husband.

Poor Mrs. Thirlby began to feel the effect of the motion of the vessel. "I—I—I don't feel well," she gasped.

"Ah! excitement," said the husband unconcernedly.

"No, sir, the sea—I mean the tea. I shall go to my berth. When we get to Kingstown, you can see Franky and——"

"Franky! Who's Franky?" asked the husband.

Mrs. Thirlby looked him full in the face as she answered: "Your son, sir!"

Another lurch of the vessel threw Mr. Thirlby into a seat as he repeated, "My son!" He hardly understood the meaning of the words.

"Your son and mine," said the lady; "My dear, dear boy Frank!"

Something rose to the husband's throat and eyes as he looked first up and then down at his long-lost wife, as the position of the cabin-floor hoisted or lowered her.

"He was born three months after your departure," continued Mrs. Thirlby.

"Why did I not know it?"

"I kept it out of the papers purposely," said the wife.

"And you call him Francis," said the now thoroughly humbled husband.

"Yes—after his father."

"Thank you, Maria; that was kind."

"My duty—nothing more," said the lady.

"How old is he?"

"Ten in August—on the fifth."

"God bless him," said the father; "is he handsome?"

"Oh! very—very handsome," said the mother.

"A—at all like me?" inquired the father.

"Like what you were—very."

"And in his manner?"

"He is passionate in the extreme; like what you were—very. Here is a letter I had from him last Thursday. He is on a visit to my cousin, who was married to Colonel O'Grady three years ago."

The father took the letter and held it under the shaking lamp. The gale had blown itself into a perfect storm, and he could hardly keep upon his feet as he read the large school-boy hand:

"MY DEAR, DEAR MAMMA,—I am so glad that you are so soon coming. I have no news. I am quite well. Freddy's pony hurt one of his knees yesterday. We go to Sandy Mount every day. Aunt sends her love—so does Freddy. God bless you. "Your affectionate FRANKIE."

Merryon Square, Dublin, Ireland.

The letter was read and re-read till the lines became blurred and indistinct, and a deep sob heaved up from the father's heart as he stretched forth his hand to his wife and said: Maria forgive me!"

But Mrs. Thirlby remained silent and impassive.

"For the sake of our boy," he urged, "the child of whose existence I was unaware—till—till—forgive me!"

"Do you wish to keep the letter?" inquired the wife.

"With your permission. Do you ever speak to him about me?"

"Often."

"O, Maria, let us be friends!"

Mrs. Thirlby answered slowly and deliberately, with a pause between every third or fourth word: "After an absence—of more than ten years—meeting so unexpectedly—you could not control—your violent and sarcastic nature—I will not be—its victim. I pardon what is past—but when I leave this boat—we never meet again!"

"Maria"—he tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it—"*can't* you forgive me?"

"The past—yes: the future I will not trust in your hands. As I said, when we leave this boat——"

The stewardess entered the cabin suddenly by the stairs leading to the deck. The door was heard to lock behind, and there was a noise overhead as of shutting and fastening. She staggered forward, and said in a low, resigned, but trembling voice: "if you wish to pray, do so at once; we are expected to go down every minute!"

Thirlby looked at her for an instant, then taking his wife up in his arms, rushed to the cabin-door.

"We are fastened down!" said the stewardess with terrible calmness. "The crew is in the rigging. I shall go to my cabin and meet it there. Oh, pray for your soul's sake, for we have not long to live!" She went to her own little cabin at the side, and shut the door.

Husband and wife were locked in each other's arms. How poor and paltry seemed their enmities and jealousies, their poisoned arrows of speech and verbal victories! Eternity was near them, and about them, lashing at the shaking vessel's sides, howling for them in the wind, roaring for them in the sea! the ship palpitated like a timid hare, as though eager to offer human victims to appease the hungry elements, and save itself. Neither spoke; but a long, endearing kiss proclaimed mutual forgiveness—then heart beating against heart, hand in hand, their fingers intertwined within each other, they knelt and prayed. In his height of health and pride of sarcasm, Thirlby sometimes scoffed at religion, and ridiculed his wife's strict observances with considerable humor—*now*, he felt sure she was right, and cheek to cheek and lip to lip uttered fervent prayers for heavenly pardon and her safety.

Only once during the night the world came back to him, when he sobbed out: I shall never see my boy!"

And minute after minute, each longer than the last, passed away; every succeeding shock and lurch of the frail boat, they expected to feel the floor sink under them, and the water pour down into their cushioned sea-tomb.

A violent crash shook the ship from stem to stern; the cabin-lamp fell shivered into atoms, and all was darkness. They clutched tightly hold of each other, and thought their time had come.

The night passed. A ribbon of gray lig'ht in the horizon separated sea from sky; the gray grew whiter and more bright—it was morning.

Husband and wife looked into each other's haggard faces; they had thought they should never see them more.

The daylight was an inexpressible relief; they should not perish in the dark. Light was the breath of Heaven. They were not forgotten.

"Think you there is any hope?" whispered the wife, almost afraid to trust the sound of her own voice.

As she spoke, there was a noise upon the deck, and the sounds of sea and wind, and straining boards and creaking cordage grew more audible. The cabin-door flew open, and the steward, wet as from a bath, and his face bleeding, looked in. "All right!" he gasped; we're saved!—saved! Where's my missus? Jane dear open the door—we're saved, I tell you!"

The stewardess opened the door, and both couples repaired to the deck.

"We shall weather it, praise be God!" said the white-haired captain. "Who would have thought this six hours ago?"

"Maria!"

"Hush we have received a severe and proper punishment for our presumption and our crime."

A steam tug came out to their rescue, and carried them safely into Kingstown harbor.—There was a smiling lady, a moustached gentleman, and a handsome yellow-hair boy awaiting them.

"Mamma!—my dear, dear mamma!" cried the young gentleman with undisguised ecstacy.

"Franky, my own. Here's papa!"

"P pa!" said the boy, rounding his eyes. "Papa from India!"

"Yes, dear."

"Mr. Thirlby!" said Mrs. O'Grady.

"Had you forgotten me, Elinor?" said that gentleman.

"Mamma, why hasn't papa been with you before, when——"

"Hush, dear!" said the mother.

Mr. Thirlby did not return to India; and both his and his wife's name are always set down for a handsome sum in all subscriptions for Life-boats, or Preservations from Shipwreck.

The War for the Union.

MARY O'CONNER, THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

An' shure I was tould to come here to your honor,
To see if you'd write a few word to me Pat;
He's gone for a soger is Mister O'Conner,
Wid a stripe on his arm and a band to his hat.

An' what'll you tell him? it ought to be aisy
For such as your honor to shake wid the pen,
And say I'm all right, and that mavrourneen Daisy
(The baby, your honor) is better again.

For when he went off, it's so sick was the childer,
She niver held up her blue eyes to his face,
And when I'd be crying, he'd look but the wilder,
And say would I wish for the country's disgrace?

So he left her in danger, and me sorely greeting,
And followed the flag with an Irishman's joy.
O! it's often I drame of the great drums a beating,
And a bullet goin straight to the heart of me boy.

And say, will he send me a bit of his money,
For the rint, and the doctor's bill, due in a week?
Well surely there's tears on your eyelashes, honey,
Ah! faith I've no right wid such freedom to speak.

You're overmuch trifling—I'll not give you trouble;
I'll find some one willin';—oh! what can it be?
What's that in the newspaper folded up double?
Yer honor—don't hide it—but read it to me.

What! Patrick O'Conner?—no, no, it's some other;
Dead! dead!—no, not him, 'tis a week scarce gone by;
Dead! dead! why the kiss on the cheek of his mother—
It hasn't had time yet, your honor, to dry.

Don't tell me—it's not him—O God! am I crazy?
Shot dead!—oh! for love of sweet heaven say no;
An' what'll I do in the world with poor Daisy?
O! how will I live, and O! where will I go?

The room is so dark—I'm not seein', your honor;
I—think—I'll go home;—and a sob quick and dry
Came sharp from the bosom of Mary O'Conner,
But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

GEN. BUTLER ON THE CONTRABANDS.

The following interesting letter from General Butler has been received at the War Department:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA,
FORTRESS MONROE, July 30, 1861.

HON. SIMON CAMERON, SECRETARY OF WAR—*Sir*: By an order received on the morning of the 26th July from Major-General Dix, by a telegraphic order from Lieutenant-General Scott, I was commanded to forward, of the troops of this department, four regiments and a half, including Col. Baker's California Regiment, to Washington via Baltimore. This order reached me at 2 o'clock A. M., by special boat from Baltimore. Believing that it emanated because of some pressing exigency for the defense of Washington, I issued my orders before daybreak for the embarkation of the troops, sending those who were among the very best regiments I had. In the course of the following day they were all embarked for Baltimore, with the exception of some 400, for whom I had not transportation, although I had all the transport force in the hands of the Quartermaster here, to aid the Bay line of steamers, which, by the same order from the Lieutenant-General, was directed to furnish transportation. Up to and at the time of the order I had been preparing for an advance movement by which I hoped to cripple the resources of the enemy at Yorktown, and especially by seizing a large quantity of negroes who were being pressed into their service in building the intrenchments there. I had five days previously been enabled to mount for the first time, the first company of Light Artillery, which I had been empowered to raise, and they had but a single rifled cannon, an iron six-pounder. Of course everything must and did yield to the supposed exigency and the orders. This ordering away the troops from this department, while it weakened the posts at Newport News, necessitated the withdrawal of the troops from Hampton, where I was then throwing up intrenched works to enable me to hold the town with a small force, while I advanced up the York or James river.

In the village of Hampton there were a large number of negroes, composed in a great measure of women and children of the men who had fled thither within my lines for protection, who had escaped from marauding parties of rebels who had been gathering up able-bodied blacks to aid them in constructing their batteries on the James and York rivers. I had employed the men in Hampton in throwing up intrenchments, and they were working zealously and efficiently at that duty, saving our soldiers from that labor under the gleam of the mid-day sun. The women were earning substantially their own subsistence in washing, marketing, and taking care of the clothes of the soldiers, and rations were being served out to the men who worked for the support of the children. But by the evacuation of Hampton, rendered necessary by the withdrawal of troops, leaving me scarcely 5,000 men outside of the Fort, including the force at Newport News, all these black people were obliged to break up their homes at Hampton, fleeing across the creek within my lines for protection and support. Indeed it was a most distressing sight, to see these poor creatures, who had trusted to the protection of the arms of the United States, and who aided the troops of the United States in their enterprise, to be thus obliged to flee from their homes, and the homes of their masters, who had deserted them, and become fugitives from fear of the return of the rebel soldiery, who had threatened to shoot the men who had wrought for us, and to carry off the women, who had served us, to a worse than Egyptian bondage. I have, therefore now within the Peninsula, this side of Hampton Creek, 900 negroes, 300 of whom are able-bodied men, 30 of whom are men substantially past hard labor, 175 women, 225 children under the age of 10 years, and 170 between 10 and 18 years, and many more coming in. The questions which this state of facts present are very embarrassing.

First—What shall be done with them? and *Second*, What is their state and condition?

Upon these questions I desire the instructions of the Department.

The first question, however, may perhaps be answered by considering the last. Are these men, women and children slaves? Are they free? Is their condition that of men, women and children, or of property, or is it a mixed relation? What their *status* was under the Constitution and laws, we all know. What has been the effect of rebellion and a state of war upon that *status*? When I adopted the theory of treating the able-bodied negro fit to work in the trenches, as property liable to be used in aid of rebellion, and so contraband of war, that condition of things was in so far met as I then and still believe, on a legal and constitutional basis. But now a new series of questions arise. Passing by women, the children certainly cannot be treated on that basis; if property, they must be considered the incumbrance, rather than the auxiliary of an army, and, of course, in no possible legal relation, could be treated as contraband. Are they property? If they were so, they have been left by their masters and owners, deserted, thrown away, abandoned, like the wrecked vessel upon the ocean. Their former possessors and owners have causelessly, traitorously, rebelliously, and to carry out the figure, practically abandoned them to be swallowed up by the winter storm of starvation. If property do they not become the property of the salvors? But we, their salvors, do not need and will not hold such property and will assume no such ownership. Has not therefore all proprietary relation ceased? Have they not become thereupon men, women and children? No longer under ownership of any kind, the fearful reliefs of fugitive masters, have they not by their masters' acts and the state of war, assumed the condition which we hold to be the normal one, of those made in God's image. Is not every constitutional, legal and moral requirement, as well to the runaway master as their relinquished slaves, thus answered? I confess that my own mind is compelled by this reasoning to look upon them as men and women. If not free born, yet free, manumitted, sent forth from the hand that held them never to be reclaimed.

Of course if this reasoning thus imperfectly set forth is correct, my duty as a humane man is very plain. I should take the same care of these men, women and children, houseless, homeless and unprovided for, as I would for the same number of men, women and children, who for their attachment to the Union had been driven or allowed to flee from the Confederate States. I should have no doubt on this question, had I not seen it stated that an order had been issued by Gen. McDowell, in his department, substantially forbidding all fugitive slaves from coming within his lines, or being harbored there. Is that order to be enforced in all Military Departments? If so, who are to be considered fugitive slaves? Is a slave to be considered fugitive, whose master runs away and leaves him? Is it forbidden to the troops to aid or harbor within their lines the negro children who are found therein, or is the soldier, when his march has destroyed their means of subsistence, to allow them to starve because he has driven off the rebel master? Now shall the commander of regiment or battalion sit in judgment upon the question, whether any given black man has fled from his master, or his master fled from him? Indeed, how are the free born to be distinguished? Is one any more or less a fugitive slave because he has labored upon the Rebel intrenchments? If he has so labored, if I understand it, he is to be harbored. By the reception of which are the Rebels most to be distressed, by taking those who have wrought all their Rebel masters desired, masked their battery, or those who have refused to labor and left the battery unmasked.

"I have very decided opinions upon the subject of this order. It does not become me to criticise it, and I write in no spirit of criticism, but simply to explain the full difficulties that surround the enforcing it. If the enforcing of that order becomes the policy of the Government, I, as a soldier, shall be bound to enforce it steadfastly, if not cheerfully. But if left to my own discretion, as you may have gathered from my reasoning, I should take a widely different course from that which it indicates.

In a loyal State I would put down a servile insurrection. In a State of rebellion I would confiscate that which was used to oppose my arms, and take all that property, which constituted the wealth of that State and furnished the means by which the war is constituted, beside being the cause of the war; and if, in so doing, it should be objected that human beings were brought to the free enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, such objection might not require much consideration.

Pardon me for addressing the Secretary of War directly upon this question, as it involves some political considerations as well as the propriety of military action.

"I am Sir, your obedient servant,
BENJAMIN F. BUTLER."

UNEASY CONSCIENCES.

A Cincinnati correspondent the of Army in Western Virginia writes:

As an illustration of the salutary effect of the policy pursued of protecting the property and respecting the rights and opinions of all persons not found in actual armed rebellion, I must relate the following incident: On Sunday night, 30th ult., Lieut. Hogeland, Company D, and Lieut. Shortle, Company C, Tenth Indiana regiment, with 53 picked men, were detailed to take possession of French Creek, a village ten miles distant, which was reported to be occupied by Secessionists. Before the arrival of the detachment, the rebels were advised of the movement and precipitately retreated to Jacksonville, thirteen miles further on, where they made a stand 300 strong. Our brave boys, filled with visions of glory, pressed rapidly forward, surprised and routed the valliant 300 and took possession of the town. They found all the men who voted the secession ticket had fled, and their families horror-stricken. One woman, the wife of a fugitive clergyman and the mother of two interesting and intelligent daughters, was so much alarmed that she barricaded her house, and secreted herself and family in a dark cellar. Her retreat being discovered, and assurances given that no harm would be done her, but, on the contrary, protection extended, she reluctantly came forth. Confidence being established, she freely entered into conversation with Lieut. Hogeland. She said that it was currently believed that the northern soldiers intended to plunder their houses, murder their children and violate their women. The Lieutenant, being a brave and gallant gentleman, had no difficulty in disabusing her mind of these false and absurd impressions, and pursuaded her to send for her husband, who gladly embraced the opportunity to return to his allegiance, declaring he had suffered enough in the cause of disunionism, and for the future would stand by the flag under which he had enjoyed so many blessings. The best feeling soon prevailed. On the following day the converted clergyman was actively engaged in combatting the delusion from which he had just been delivered. It being the Fourth of July, a grand Union rally was called, the Stars and Stripes run up, speeches made, the Declaration of Independence read and much enthusiasm manifested. Before the day was over, many of the fugitives returned to their homes and took the oath of allegiance, declaring themselves fully satisfied with their experience in disloyalty.

DRAWING RATIONS.

There are some episodes in the life of a soldier provocative of laughter, and that serve to disperse in some measure the ennui of camp life. Not long ago, a farmer, who did not reside so far from a camp of "the boys" as he wished he did, was accustomed to find every morning that several rows of potatoes had disappeared from his field. He bore it some time, but when the last half of field of fine "kidneys" began to disappear, he began to think that sort of thing had gone far enough, and determined to stop it. Accordingly he made a visit to camp early next morning, and amused himself by going around to see whether the soldiers were provided with good and wholesome provisions. He had not proceeded far when he found a "boy" just serving up a fine dish of "kidneys," which looked marvelously like those the gude wife brought to his own table. Halting, the following colloquy ensued:

"Have fine potatoes here, I see."

"Splendid!" was the reply.

"Where do you get them?"

"Draw them!"

"Does Government furnish potatoes in your rations!"

"Nary potato!"

"I thought you said you drew them."

"Did! we just do that thing!"

"But how, if they are not included in your rations?"

"Easiest thing in the world! Won't you take some with us?" said the soldier, as he seated himself at the table opposite the smoking vegetables.

"Thank you! But will you oblige me by telling how you draw your potatoes, as they are not found by the commissary?"

"Nothing easier. *Draw 'em by the tops, mostly?* Sometimes with a hoe, if one is left in the field."

"Hum! Yes! I understand! Well, see here! If you won't draw any more of mine, I will bring you a basket every morning, and draw them myself."

"Bully for you, old fellow!" was the cry, and three cheers and a tiger were given for farmer ——. There, we like to have written his name! The covenant was entered into, and no one but the owner drew potatoes from that field afterward.

A FEMALE SPY CAUGHT.

A female was detected in Col. Guthrie's Kentucky regiment, at Racine, Ohio. She enlisted in Company D, on the 10th of May last, and has been doing soldier's duty ever since. On all the long marches we have made, she has carried her musket and knapsack the whole time, and has never complained or lagged behind. On being closely questioned, she confessed that she was a spy, and in constant communication with the rebels—that she is a member of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and through that order, members of which she finds everywhere, she has found the means of forwarding her letters to the rebels. She says she knew full well that the penalty for being a spy was death, and that she is ready whenever they wish to shoot her. She has been kept a prisoner ever since, and will be forwarded to Columbus for safe keeping. She poisoned one of the soldiers who discovered her sex. It did not injure him seriously.

PRACTICAL JOKE OF A CHICAGO FIRE ZOUAVE.

A member of the New York Fire Zouaves, who went from this city to join Col. Ellsworth in April last, and who, until then, had been an industrious typo in the Chicago *Tribune* office, was out on picket duty one day last month, when the following incident occurred:

An F. F. V., with rather more than the usual superciliousness of his race, rode up in a carriage from the direction of Alexandria, driven of course by his "servant." Zoo-zoo stepped into the road, holding his bayonet in such a way as to threaten horse, negro, and white man at one charge, and roared out, "TICKETS." Mr. V. turned up his lip, set down his brows, and by other gestures indicated his contempt for such mud-sills as the soldier before him, ending by handing his pass over to the darkey, and motioning him to get out and show it to Zoo-zoo.

"All right," said the latter, glancing at it, "move on"—accompanying the remark with a jerk at the coat-collar of the colored person, which sent him spinning several paces down the road. "Now, sir, what do *you* want?" addressing the astonished white man.

White man had by this time recovered his tongue: "What? I want to go on, of course. That was my pass."

"Can't help it," replied Zoo; "it says pass the *bearer*, and the bearer of it has already passed. You can't get two men through *this* picket on one man's pass."

Mr. V. reflected a moment, glanced at the bayonet in front of him, and then called out to his black man to come back. Sambo approached cautiously, but fell back in confusion when the "shooting-stick" was brandished toward his own breast.

"Where's your pass, sirrah?" asked Zoo-zoo.

"Here, massa," said the chattel, presenting the same one he had received from the gent. in the carriage.

"Won't do," replied the holder of the bayonet. "That passes you to Fairfax. Can't let any one come *from* Fairfax on *that* ticket. Move on." A stamp of the foot sent Sambo down the road at a hand gallop.

"Now, sir, if you stay here any longer I shall take you under arrest to headquarters," he continued.

Mr. V. grabbled up his lines, wheeled around, and went off at the best trot his horses could manage over the "sacred soil." Whether Sambo ever hunted his master up is not known.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A DESPERATE HAND-TO-HAND CONTEST.

We learn from the Washington *Star* that on Saturday night before the battle, two of the Minnesota boys took it into their heads to forage a little, for amusement as well as eatables. Striking out from their encampment into the forest, they followed a narrow road some distance, until, turning a bend, five secession pickets appeared not fifty yards distant. The parties discovered each other simultaneously, and at once levelled their rifles and fired. Two of the Confederates fell dead, and one of the Minnesotians, the other also falling, however, but with the design of trapping the other three, who at once came up, as they said to "exam